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PREPARING FOR THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"The Hurt Family" are very numerous; it is quite extraordinary how easily many people are "pained" and "distressed" by this, that, and the other incident, that leave no mark on less sensitive minds. When offence is taken so lightly in the social circle, and upon private grounds, we sometimes wish that these good people were not so highly strung. They make domestic life a little difficult. But when the spectacle of any deviation from morals, in the interest of the public, shocks them, we are compelled to own that their feelings do them honour. Still, even this may be carried too far. The gentleman who writes to the papers, almost in a state of swoon, to say that he has just seen a clergyman smoking a cigarette on a railway platform appears to have been unnecessarily excited. Though his feelings were thus outraged, he manages, however, to maintain a fine literary style. He describes the offender as "apparently belonging to the Church of England." This reminds one of the description by his legal opponent of Mr. Pickwick as "bearing the outward appearance of a man, and not of a monster." But there is no doubt of the guilt of the criminal. He was not only "smoking a cigarette," but, as though unconscious of the infamy of the act, actually "smiling as he talked with a companion on the platform." One hardly likes to report such charges. It must not be supposed that the unhappy spectator of this scene is of a Puritanical cast of mind. "It is not for me," he writes, "to judge my fellow-creatures." He does not even "mean to say that a clergyman should never smoke," but he should at all events have the decency to do so "where nobody can see him at it, or know anything about it." This is difficult, because people can smell tobacco. No plan for this enjoyment is proposed, but to smoke in the kitchen, after the household has retired, and with one's head well up the chimney, may be recommended to the clerical world.

To have a statue in marble erected to one in life is an honour that befalls only a very few of us; but a larger minority of mankind (though, it is true, chiefly before their appearance on the scaffold) find themselves at Madame Tussaud's and other kindred exhibitions. To be "immortalised in wax" seems to have a cynical signification (though the phrase, I believe, has escaped the satirist), but it is surely better than not being immortalised at all. The personages of that social gathering whose proceedings at baccarat lately excited so much attention have, we read, "been modelled in wax, and are now to be seen in an exhibition at Glasgow." Such an opportunity of observing the life—though it be "still life"—of our aristocratic circles has probably never before been presented to the British public. To say that an introduction to such society will be a polite education would, perhaps, be to say too much; but it certainly must be very gratifying. Do they move their eyes and (especially) their hands? Do their heads slowly revolve (like that of William Cobbett, M.P., late of Baker Street) with a click? These interesting details have been withheld, but the incident possesses an interest for more than a mere private circle, however distinguished. One—and more than one—would like to know how much it costs to be modelled in wax. Statuary, to judge from inquiries in the New Road, seems to run to a great deal of money, even in plaster of Paris; but how about wax? Moreover, is it necessary to be wax *throughout*, I wonder? This is a delicate question; I suppose a conscientious person—like the gentleman who blacked himself all over to play Othello—would insist upon the complete image. Groups—the taking a quantity—as in the present case, would doubtless be cheaper, but one loses one's individuality in a group. To have a number at one's feet, to be referred to in a catalogue, does, indeed, surmount this difficulty; but for the elucidation of a family group (however talented) it seems to savour of "swagger" to print a catalogue. One would like advice on these little points.

The polite custom of justice in France, which permits a delay in certain cases between conviction and punishment, in order that the offender may settle his affairs and provide for his interests during his enforced absence from business, is an admirable example of a high state of civilisation. But the privilege seems to be the subject of some abuse. Now and then a gentleman averse to confinement and possessed of some capital invests it in a substitute, who for so many francs *per diem* will undergo for him the term of his imprisonment. Such a friend was lately found by M. Bijon (sentenced to two months' imprisonment for robbery) in the person of one Balmans. Unhappily, M. Balmans received a portion of his remuneration in advance, and got very intoxicated, so much so that the prison warders declined to welcome him. He was not in a condition for any gentleman on his *parole d'honneur* to present himself for punishment. The next day was a Sunday, when they were naturally much shocked at such an application. On Monday, either because he was still drunk, or that he had not received the requisite information, he was unable to answer the necessary questions to qualify him for admittance—didn't even know the Christian names of his (that is, of M. Bijon's) father and mother. Upon this complications arose, and now M. Bijon and M. Balmans are both in prison. And yet it is said that the French have no humour!

A criminal trial is going on in Italy on the very lines of Keats's poem "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil," the plot of which was itself borrowed from Boccaccio. Two noblemen, brothers, furious at a young man of good character but inferior rank having the presumption to woo their sister, have assassinated him. The crime seems to have been committed with all those circumstances of deliberation described by the poet in that wonderfully dramatic line—

So the two brothers, with their murdered man,
Rode fast from Florence.

The place on the present occasion, however, was Naples.

"Miss Maxwell's Affections" is a daring little story pleasantly written. It is so very seldom that anyone ventures to argue that a man, and still less a woman, can be in love with two persons at once that the author of this novel may almost claim to be original in depicting such a state of affairs. As a matter of fact, the thing is not so very uncommon. If it once be granted, for example, that a woman may change the objects of her affections—and it is only in a very few cases that she marries her first love—there must come a time when (the tide beginning to slack as regards the one and to flow as regards the other) she must love No. 1 and No. 2 exactly the same. Our author, however, goes far beyond this modest statement of the matter, for his Miss Maxwell is more or less in love with half a dozen men all through the story. It is a mere toss up—though she does *not* toss up—which she will elect to marry right down to the end, and is not made quite clear even then. Nevertheless, the young lady is no flirt, and, far from there being anything abnormal about the story, it is natural and lifelike enough. Mr. George Brabant is, in a small way, a creation.

Philosophers are supposed to be rather unpractical, as well as impracticable, persons. A very famous one, we were recently told, had declined to take advantage of the new American copyright law, "as being prejudicial to grave literature." He feared that "works of solid worth" (his works) "would be overwhelmed by the flood of light literature," and as a matter of principle he could not take advantage of a law that brought so sad a state of things about. It was certainly no great compliment to his intelligence to believe that he would thus cut off his nose to spite his face; but some people will believe anything of a philosopher. Perhaps they remembered the saying of another literary sage upon the same subject, when international copyright seemed hopeless, that he "would rather his books were read than bought"; but even in that case they might have reflected that, however monstrous the assertion, he lost nothing by making it. Indeed, it now turns out that the sole reason why philosopher No. 1 did not seek for protection from piracy was that he knew he could not get it, his work having already appeared in a periodical. It may be added that a chapter of the book in question deals with the very matter of "property in ideas" in a very masterly way.

At a meeting of a London vestry the other day, a member complained that he and his adherents had been called in the papers Mawworms and Panglosses and Chadbands. "I have looked up my dictionary," he said, "and found out what a Mawworm is, but what a Pangloss is and what a Chadband is I do not know." Some parts of this gentleman's statement are really curious. It was rather clever of him to find Mawworm in the dictionary, and not astonishing that he did not know Pangloss; but his never having heard of Chadband is quite remarkable. That people of his highly respectable class should not admire Chadband as a type one can easily imagine, but that they should be unacquainted with his existence seems amazing; they surely know Mr. Stiggins. Indeed, these two characters are, with them, so far as I have observed, the best known of Dickens's creations, and the most quoted—as illustrations of his mocking, unregenerate, and irreligious spirit.

If anything whatever can be confidently asserted of a ghost, it is that he belongs to the house in which he appears, and therefore to its proprietor. If his landlord does not believe in him, surely nobody else need do so. It is true that Miss Mulock once wrote of a ghost that was seen by everybody except the person it haunted. It sat by the side of him in his private box at the theatre and attracted everybody's attention everywhere he went, except his own. But the case was so exceptional that it may be said to prove the general rule. Yet in the Old Kent Road—the name is not amiss, but the locality, it must be owned, does not strike the visitor as a likely one for spiritual manifestations—there is a house believed by all the inhabitants save one to be haunted, and that one is the owner. If he wanted to let it there would be a reason for his incredulity, but he lives there, and surely ought to know. People come and knock and ring at his door at midnight (which is supposed to be the ghostly visiting hour), in hopes of an interview with the spectre. In vain they are assured that it is not at home, has gone for its holiday (to the Red Sea coast), and that its return is uncertain. They don't believe it. They pound the pavement with their umbrellas, and cry "Ghost! ghost!" as if it were the author of a successful play. The love of the supernatural is thought to be meritorious, as being allied with the religious instinct, but the mode of its development in the Old Kent Road has been forced upon the attention of the police.

If, as has been lately argued, no story can claim to be original a hint of which may have been conveyed to the novelist by one who has come across something like it in real life, and if the friend who has been so good as to impart it is henceforth to be called his "collaborateur," the conditions under which fiction is written will have to be reconsidered. The greatest literary compositions that have ever been penned have had their origin in sources of this kind, and it is probable that Shakespeare himself was indebted to them. It is true that the most striking plots have been literally invented; several illustrations of how they occur to the mind (though plot was by no means a specialty with him) are to be found in Forster's "Life of Dickens." "How would this do?" or "What do you think of this?" he asks of his friend with reference to some dramatic situation that his brain has suddenly, and almost unconsciously, evolved. But very admirable and long-sustained stories have sprung from a few lines of fact or a few words of conversation. If this new theory is to be accepted, Walter Scott, indeed, would be the least original of writers: his fictions, above all, were founded, as a certain well-known but slightly indelicate riddle informs us, "on stern reality," and his "collaborateurs" have been almost as numerous as his readers. The substratum of fact matters nothing; in the process of treatment by a master hand

it is often improved out of all recognition; and even if it be recognised, it no more detracts from his merit than a lingering likeness of his model detracts from the work of the painter.

Charges of plagiarism are the only contribution to literature of a good many people. They remind one of the "wet blanket" who, whenever a good thing is said or a good story told, murmurs, "I have heard that before." He has probably done nothing of the kind, and is only prompted by envy and jealousy to say so; but he throws his little missile with all the air of its being a bombshell, and perhaps even persuades himself that he is an acquisition to the conversation.

The Jaffa and Jerusalem railway is now, we read, "in course of construction." How very odd it sounds, and somehow not quite right. One can hardly imagine a railway porter exclaiming "Jaffa! Jaffa!" as he cries "Swindon! Swindon!" Why, by-the-bye, is the accent on some stations always placed on the first syllable and in others on the second? There is nothing so mechanical as the railway voice. One can quite believe the story of the paternal porter of old days who, when asked by the clergyman at the font to name his child, replied, "Slough and Windsor—Windsor only." He had replied nothing else to questioners for twenty years. It is noteworthy how railway communication affects proverbial and even slang expressions. Nobody talks now of being "sent to Coventry." The cant phrase of astonishment "Oh, Jerusalem!" will no doubt similarly disappear when one gets there by rail.

HOME NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, with Princess Louise, Princess Christian, and Princess Beatrice, enjoying pleasant drives in the fine weather.

The Duke of Cambridge has returned from his Irish trip in Lord Wolseley's company to Gloucester House; and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris have left Loch Kennard, where the Comte has hired the shootings till November, for their seat at Stowe.

Lord and Lady Dufferin are visiting Mr. Munro-Fergusson at Raith House; and Mr. A. J. Balfour has been golfing at North Berwick, in company with his brother and famous golfers like Mr. Mackenzie Ross and Mr. Horace Hutchinson.

The newly married Lord and Lady Dudley have left Taplow Court for Paris, but stopped in town on their way to see Miss Ada Rehan at the Lyceum in "The Last Word."

The election of the new Lord Mayor of London by the Liverymen of the City took place on Tuesday, Sept. 29, at Guildhall; the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir J. Savory, presiding. Alderman David Evans and Alderman Cowan were nominated by the Livery, and the choice was then referred to the Court of Aldermen, who preferred Alderman Evans. The new Lord Mayor is a Welshman, and is young for his position, being only forty years old. He was born at Llantrissant, in Glamorganshire, and is now the sole partner of the wealthy firm of Richard Evans and Co., of Watling Street. He served as Sheriff in 1885-6. He is Master of the Surrey Stagbonds, is a J.P. for Glamorganshire, and a director of the Imperial Bank. Like his predecessor, he is a Conservative. He is rich, and is a man of energy and ability.

The new Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, Alderman George Robert Tyler and Mr. Harry Seymour Foster, were publicly installed in office on Monday, Sept. 28, at an assembly of the Liverymen of the City Guilds, presided over by the Lord Mayor, at Guildhall. They afterwards entertained a large company at breakfast at Stationers' Hall. The retiring Sheriffs, Sir William Farmer and Sir Augustus Harris, were present.

The London County Council, at its meeting on Tuesday, Sept. 29, received from its Chairman, Sir John Lubbock, M.P., and from its Vice-Chairman, Sir Thomas Farrer, formal announcements of their intention to resign office at the end of October. They would be entitled, by the Act of last Session, to retain office until March.

The ceremony of legally confirming the election of two new bishops—namely, the Very Rev. John Gott, D.D., as Bishop of Truro, and the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Legge, as Bishop of Lichfield, was performed on Sept. 28, in Bow Church, Cheapside, by the Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury, with the prescribed formalities. They were consecrated at St. Paul's next day, with the new Bishops of Zululand and (suffragan) of Southwark and Coventry, by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The statesmen's holiday season has been somewhat broken by the opening of the autumn political campaign, but Lord Salisbury is still in France, though it is understood that he has transacted a good deal of important Foreign Office business relating to the Chinese question from his retreat. Mr. Gladstone has moved between the house of his nephew, Sir John Gladstone, at Fasque, and that of the Warden of Trinity College, whose jubilee he attended on Oct. 1. Thence he journeyed to Newcastle for the annual meeting of the National Liberal Federation.

The speech-making for the recess is active. Mr. John Morley at Cambridge has been succeeded by Sir William Harcourt at Ashton-under-Lyne, and by Lord Spencer at Buxton. Mr. Gladstone following at Newcastle. Mr. Ritchie has also spoken, in a more modest but still a practical vein, on sanitary legislation and the record of his own department, at Mortlake. Sir William Harcourt's speech was less lively than usual, and contained no announcement of any freshness. He declined to lay down a programme or to pledge himself on the Eight Hours question, though he declared that he sympathised with the workmen's desire for leisure. He agreed with Mr. Morley that, if Mr. Gladstone came back to power, precedence would have to be granted to a Home Rule Bill over all other measures, but gave considerable prominence to the Temperance question. He was very severe on Mr. Dicey for discussing, in his article in the *Nineteenth Century*, what might happen after Mr. Gladstone's death.

There is another serious dislocation of riverside labour in London. The men employed at the Carron and Hermitage Wharves have struck work, chiefly on the ground that they demand payment for the dinner hour, which was excluded from the settlement arrived at after the great dock strike of 1889. A demonstration of dockers in support of the strikers has been held in Victoria Park, and it is threatened that the three riverside unions—the Dockers' Union and Seamen and Firemen's Union, and the Labour Protection League—as well as the carmen and lightermen, will all come out "in sympathy." Proposals for arbitration have been made, but without success.

SCIENCE AS DEVASTATOR.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The nineteenth century, which will soon come to an end now (and not improbably in convulsions) has many things to be proud of; but it is most distinguished above all foregoing centuries by its amazing victories in the realms of science and its command of the arts of invention. Much good have they done us; and yet the world would be happier at this moment, and the future far more bright, if the Genius of the Nineteenth Century had been less inventive by half. It is, indeed, no impossibility that before the newspapers are stamped with the date 1900 they may have to record more disaster from the triumphs of inventive art than its gifts as a whole will compensate.

This must be a frequent thought in many a mind just now, though I have only twice seen it in print. Once was when some essayist deplored that if science has increased the wealth of the world its inventions are adding enormously to the cost of war, and, while multiplying the forces of devastation, giving to them a scope and an energy which do not shock the conscience of humanity as it was predicted they would. The other occasion was when an essayist of lighter vein proposed that the European Governments should agree to seize, immure, or otherwise effectually dispose of any inventor who employed his talent in adding to the destructive machinery of war—as by Maxim guns, new and improved magazine rifles, explosive compounds deadlier than dynamite, and other ravaging devilries of enormous cost and no profit, save to the designers and manufacturers thereof. He was right, that scribe; and, though the voice of Wisdom will not be listened to on this point, well would it be for every consideration that can be named if the nations of the earth were to agree to use no weapons of destruction more deadly than have been invented for them already. Why not? They have already agreed never to use explosive bullets.

Here is Mr. Maxim (whose excessive cleverness suggests these reflections) with a new idea: an idea which, if he can carry it out, will add strangely and vastly to the horrors of war. He has already invented a gun of such admirable properties that it will mow men down in rows and rows every two minutes: you have only to turn a handle and the thing is done. He believes that he has now invented an aerial machine—or can show the way to its invention—of which the advantage is thus explained by himself in one of the monthly magazines: "Certainly not for carrying freight, and not (for a considerable time at least) for conveying passengers, it will at once become an engine of war"—a veritable engine of war, and not merely of use for discovering the position or observing the motions of an enemy. For this aerial steam-plateau will be large enough to carry in the air a weight of nine thousand pounds over and above its own weight: that is to say, it will bear aloft nine thousand pounds of war-material and of men to use it. The war-material will consist of "large bombs charged with high explosives," compared with which dynamite is a mild compound; and Mr. Maxim confidently anticipates that machines of this character would "completely paralyse an enemy by destroying in a few hours bridges, armouries, arsenals, gas and water works, railway stations, public buildings"—in short, whole cities, with their houses and the people in them; which I take to be the meaning of the words "et cetera" added to "public buildings" in Mr. Maxim's suggestive little catalogue. "Only the rich and highly civilised nations" could make and use these engines; indeed, their inventor believes that one nation in Europe alone could do so at this moment. But the richer and more civilised the nation the greater the number of them that could be sent aloft to rain destruction on an enemy's arsenals, gas and water works, public buildings, et cetera.

It may be that the inventor's hopes will be disappointed yet. Neither he nor his grandchildren may see so blest a sight as fleets of steam-machines battling in the blue, charging each other, wrecking each other, and hurtling down to earth with their cargoes of the newest bombs. But Mr. Maxim does not merely dream. He has made experimental engines, and he thinks it almost certain that he will succeed; quite certain that success will come to someone within the next ten years, for the necessary "motor" has been found at last. But, whether the Maxim Devastator is or is not to improve upon the Maxim gun, we know that similar blessings are unlikely to fail us. Not a year passes without some invention, some discovery, to add to the waste and to quicken and extend the havoc of war. Now it is a new rifle, now a new "explosive," now some death-dealing machine to do in five minutes the hour-long work of fifty men with guns. Every one of these inventions and discoveries increases the cost of war-preparation enormously. The rifle that cost millions to "adopt" four years ago is superseded by another that costs millions to-day and will be superseded in turn five years hence. So with other things besides rifles at five guineas a-piece and great guns that blow eighty pounds sterling into smoke at every discharge. And it is not alone by its improvements in the mechanical means of destruction that invention adds to the waste of war. As someone has said before, it helps to swell the numbers of men drawn from hearth and home into the vast battalions that cover Europe. For, as war becomes more swift of execution, more urgent is the need of calling out the whole resources of a nation for instant use. The greater the destruction of a week's fighting, so many men more must be kept ready to carry on the conflict.

And when, turning from these drafts upon labour and treasure, we think upon the sweeping slaughter of invention's battlefields, and when we also think of the dwindling part assigned to manliness by the mechanics of war, it is time to ask what compensation for the horror and the waste does the inventor give us? I can think of none. It may have happened that the possession of a superior weapon has given an advantage to one combatant over another; but experience teaches that no nation can hope to keep the secret of a new arm for long, and that invention matched against invention gives no country a clear superiority over the rest of the world. If war broke out in Europe six months hence, it would find the combatants as equally equipped for fight as in the days of the musket and the hand-grenade. Nation would meet nation with new weapons, but on much the same terms as they would have met without them. More men by tens of thousands could be brought into the field; thousands more would perish in more sudden and more awful scenes of carnage; the slaughter and the burning would be costlier by ten times than at the beginning of the century; and that is about all that Civilisation has to thank Science for inasmuch as she has devoted herself to soldiering. Nothing but incessant increase of waste, ruin, and blood-shedding, and therewithal the reduction of war from its old heroisms to something brutally mechanical. But yet the inventor goes on, still shining as a benefactor of his species; and his activities are now so increasingly fruitful that if the long-dreaded day of Armageddon happens to lie at any distance, what a day of horrors will the intellectual endowment of our own nineteenth century make of it!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL.

The newly appointed Lord Justice-General of Scotland, the Right Hon. James Patrick Bannerman Robertson, has been Lord Advocate since November 1888, having been previously Solicitor-General for Scotland, and M.P. for Bute-shire, an able



THE NEW LORD JUSTICE-GENERAL OF SCOTLAND,
THE RIGHT HON. J. P. B. ROBERTSON, Q.C.

debater on the Conservative side, and a leader at the Scottish Bar with great professional success. He is son of an Established Church minister in Perthshire, and is about forty-five years of age.

THE FLOODS IN SPAIN.

A tolerably complete survey of the disastrous effects of the floods that almost destroyed the town of Consuegra, in the mountain country south of Toledo, and that caused immense devastation for hundreds of miles in different directions, over many districts in the eastern and southern provinces of Spain, was given last week. The loss of life is chiefly at Consuegra, where nearly 1800 dead bodies had been found up to Sept. 20, and many others still remained under the ruins of their dwellings. Parties of soldiers and labourers were daily employed in finding and burying the corpses, and in burning the carcasses of the animals drowned by the flood. According to the official report, 530 buildings have entirely disappeared, 150 are in such a ruinous condition that they will have to be pulled down, and forty-eight streets have been swept away. The country in the vicinity of this town swarms with marauders bent on plunder. Valuables such as coin and jewels are constantly being found. Soldiers belonging to the Engineer Corps have set up fifty military tents to shelter the houseless people. The students of Madrid have received permission from the University authorities to make an organised collection in the streets of the city for the benefit of the sufferers from the floods. They now parade the principal thoroughfares with collecting-boxes and solicit money. The road between Madrideojos and Consuegra has been repaired. The supply of food is completely assured, and a large quantity of linen is beginning to arrive. The Franciscan monks sent to assist in the work of relief display extraordinary activity.

SUICIDE OF GENERAL BOULANGER.

The news that reached us on Wednesday, Sept. 30, by telegram from Brussels, of the death of General Boulanger that morning, by his own hand, was naturally deplorable as an example of the frailty of human nature, and of the unhappy



THE LATE GENERAL BOULANGER.

end of an unscrupulous career of ambition; but it cannot be deemed of any political importance in the present condition of the French Republic, and there are probably few persons remaining in France who had the slightest expectation of his eventual success in schemes which he may, indeed, have abandoned, for his own part, since his retirement to Jersey two years ago. George Ernest Jean Marie Boulanger, born at Rennes, in Brittany, in 1837, was an officer who won some distinction in the French Army, and became Minister of War in 1886. Soon losing office, he assumed an insubordinate attitude, took up the rôle of political agitator, was elected on April 15, 1887, representative of Paris by an immense majority, and openly threatened to overthrow the existing Republican constitution. His duel with M. Floquet, the exposure of some of his intrigues, and his prosecution for misappropriating public funds, drove him out of France in April 1889; he came to London, removed hence to Jersey, and latterly to Brussels, accompanied by a lady friend, Madame de Bonnemain, whose death recently seems to have affected his mind; for he has shot himself dead on her grave.

"THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."

The table-land of the Pamir, bounded on the north by Russia, on the east by China, on the west by Afghanistan, and on the south by Chitral, Gilgit, and Yasin, which are under British protection, has for some years past been the scene of Russian so-called scientific expeditions. This "Roof of the World," as it is called by the natives, is a desolate plateau eight to ten thousand feet high at its lowest part, and is inhabited by Kirghiz nomads. At first it was given out that the object of the explorers was to find the sources of the Oxus and its affluents, and this was a plausible pretext for some of the earlier expeditions, although even at that time geographic zeal was strongly impregnated with politics. Later on, however, Russian thirst for knowledge was directed to the south and south-east, and now the territories of Pamir and Alichar have been reached. The best known of these latter expeditions were those of Messrs. Grombchevski and Greshimailo; and the number of zealous geographers increased proportionately till Captain Batchewski, in May last, accompanied by a force of Cossacks, entered that region. The Indian papers state that Captain Younghusband, while in the Little Pamir country, sent Lieutenant Davison to the Alichar Pamir to learn all he could as to the doings of the Russian exploring parties. The Russians claim supremacy over the Little Pamir and the Alichar Pamir, and excluded both officers from that part of the country. The aims of the Russian Government were foreshadowed by the *Novoe Vremya* over a year ago in an article proposing that, as a compensation for the presence of China in Kashgar, and the paramount control exercised in Kashmir by Great Britain, the Czar should establish a protectorate over Pamir. Hitherto this region has been a land claimed by no empire or recognised dominion.

Captain Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, is a very distinguished traveller in Northern and Central Asia, who, after exploring Manchuria and Mongolia, performed the journey from the north-east to India, crossing the Himalayas to Iskardo, Little Tibet, and Kashmir. In May 1888 he read a paper to the Royal Geographical Society of London, describing this journey, and was congratulated by the president, Sir Henry Rawlinson, on his remarkable achievement.

We present two Views of the Pamir region, one of which is the Valley of the Kara-Su, a stream that runs eastward and joins the Kashgar River, flowing towards China.

THE LATEST VIEW OF GLADSTONE.

The latest volume of "The Queen's Prime Ministers," the series of political biographies issued by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co., is contributed by Mr. George Russell, M.P., and its subject is Mr. Gladstone. Mr. George Russell is a graceful writer, and he has given an interesting and well-balanced account, more or less in outline, of Mr. Gladstone's character and career. He does not write as a blind admirer, and the critical chapter with which he concludes his book is a carefully measured piece of criticism. He is, we think, perfectly right in placing Mr. Gladstone's religiousness—which the unfriendly would perhaps call religiosity—in the forefront of Mr. Gladstone's characteristics. The only new light reflecting on the statesman's career which his latest biographer is able to throw is that which relates the story of Mr. Gladstone's earlier spiritual struggles, his longing to enter the Church, and the strong emotion with which the Oxford movement and the secession of Newman and Manning to Rome inspired him. After Mr. Gladstone's religiousness, Mr. Russell puts his love of power and the courage with which it is supported.

It is probably also true to say that Mr. Gladstone is a Conservative, but the statement is too unqualified to be regarded as a thoroughly critical judgment. Mr. Gladstone is a Conservative by sentiment and by tradition, but he is a Radical by impulse. Mr. Russell thinks that of all the great political changes with which Mr. Gladstone's name is identified the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, the enlargement of the Franchise, and the proposed dissolution of the Parliamentary Union never had the complete sympathy of their author. Be this as it may, they have certainly been pursued with a vehement ardour which it is difficult to reconcile with the theory that Mr. Gladstone is wholly a Conservative at heart. The ex-Premier may have such Conservative instincts as come out, now and then, in a rather ludicrous regret over the abolition of the nobleman's gown at Oxford, or the opening of Constitution Hill to the public. On the more advanced social questions he belongs to the middle rather than the end of the century, but he is certainly a political Radical of a fairly advanced type. One curious and familiar defect of his subject Mr. Russell notes with slightly cynical relish. Mr. Gladstone has never been quite able to distinguish between mediocrity and first-rate excellence in his associates. It has always been a matter of wonder how half a dozen of his colleagues in his first and second Ministries ever got into the positions they occupied. Obviously, like the fly in amber, they were neither "rich nor rare," but they seemed to possess Mr. Gladstone's confidence. The answer is clear. Mr. Gladstone has very little knowledge of men. "His manner," says Mr. Russell, "towards his intellectual inferiors is almost ludicrously humble. He consults, defers, inquires; he argues his point where he would be fully justified in laying down the law, and eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings. Still, after all, he is frankly human, and it is part of human nature to like acquiescence better than contradiction, and to rate more highly than they deserve the characters and attainments of even tenth-rate people who agree with one." Hence it arises that all Mr. Gladstone's geese are swans. Mr. Russell's book is pleasurable reading throughout, but we cannot say that it shows much freshness of research. The author quotes a considerable number of specimen passages from Mr. Gladstone's speeches, but nearly every one of them has appeared in former biographical compilations.

"THE ROOF OF THE WORLD," IN CENTRAL ASIA.



VIEW IN THE LITTLE PAMIR.

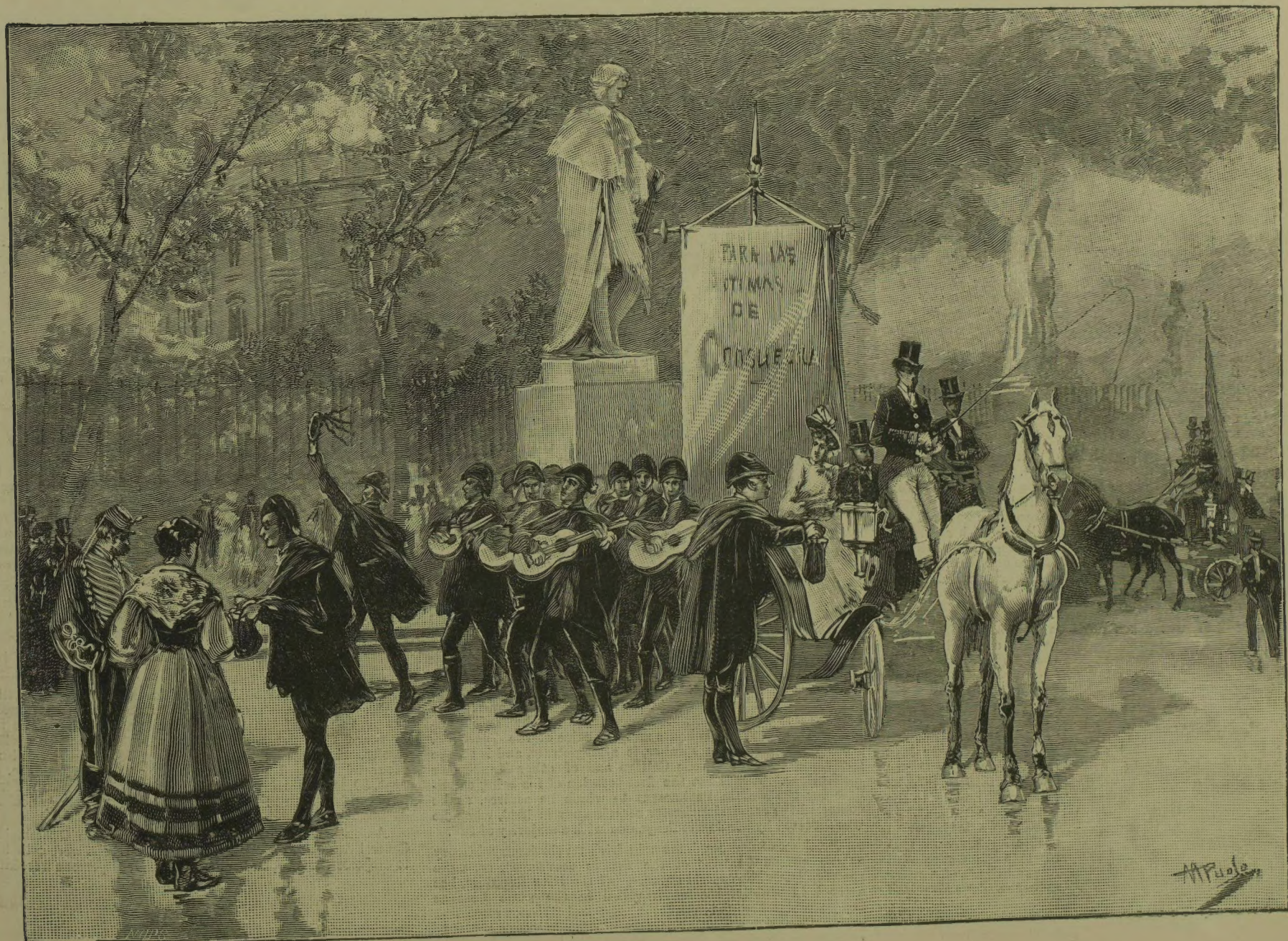


VALLEY OF THE KARA-SU. LITTLE PAMIR.

THE DISASTROUS FLOODS IN SPAIN.



BRIDGE ACROSS THE AMARGUILLO AT CONSUEGRA, AFTER THE FLOOD.



SPANISH STUDENTS AT MADRID COLLECTING MONEY FOR SUFFERERS FROM THE FLOODS.

PERSONAL.

A foreign diplomatist whose face was for some years familiar on State occasions in London has just died in the person of Count Piper, who was Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Plenipotentiary for Sweden at the Court of St. James's from 1877 to 1889. Count Piper belonged to the old Swedish aristocracy, and his life was mainly passed in the diplomatic service, which he entered in 1853. He was successively Swedish Minister at Washington, Rome, Vienna, and London, and but for failing health would have been appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Conservative Government formed some years ago. Count Piper died at Stockholm on Thursday, the Twenty-fourth of September.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE LATE COUNT PIPER.

The Earl and Countess of Aberdeen are spending a quiet holiday on the small farm his lordship bought last year in one of the valleys of the British Columbian mainland and placed in the charge of his brother-in-law. On their way west from New York, Lord and Lady Aberdeen renewed many acquaintances at Burlington, Montreal, and Ottawa. They intend visiting Chicago on their way home in November or December, in connection with the exhibit of Irish lace which is to be made at the World's Fair by the Irish Industries Association. It is noted in Transatlantic papers that Lord Aberdeen, when in New York, wore a suit of Irish homespun, thus showing practical sympathy with the Countess's labours on behalf of the industries of the sister isle.

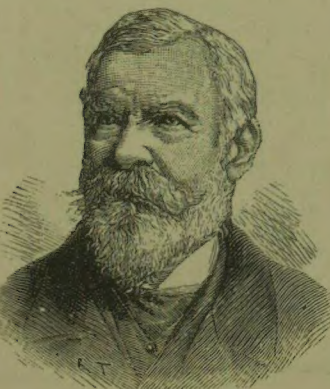
Fasque House, Kincardineshire, the seat of Sir John R. Gladstone, Bart., the nephew of Mr. Gladstone, where the ex-Premier has been visiting, and where a great many of his early days were spent, is one of the finest and most stately of Scotland's castellated mansions. It stands upon a wooded eminence, and commands magnificent views over the sixty or more square miles of park, woodland, and arable land which comprise the estate. The property was acquired by Mr. Gladstone's father, Sir John, the first baronet, a prosperous Liverpool merchant, about the time when his fourth son, the eminent Liberal leader, was sent to Eton, some seventy years ago. Sir John, who lived in much old-fashioned state at Fasque, was twice married, his second wife, the mother of his children, being a daughter of Andrew Robertson, the Provost of Dingwall, through which alliance the present family of Gladstone can trace a royal descent from both Henry III., King of England, and Robert Bruce, King of Scotland. The present baronet is the principal owner of the flourishing and well-known Fettercairn distillery, which is situated on his estate.

General Viscount Bridport, on whom the Queen has just conferred the Civil Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, as a mark of appreciation of his faithful services in her Majesty's household during an uninterrupted period of half a century, is now in his seventy-seventh year, and is descended from the scions of two families whose names must remain ever famous in England's naval history. His great-great-uncle on his father's side was Alexander Hood, who did so much for England's maritime glory in the latter half of the last century, who was rear-admiral under Lord Howe at the relief of Gibraltar in 1782, and who commanded the Royal George in the ever-memorable victory over the French on June 1, 1794, for his share in which he was created Baron Bridport. Viscount Bridport's mother was Charlotte, Duchess of Brontë, the daughter of William, first Earl Nelson, and niece of England's greatest naval commander, Horatio Nelson, Lord Nelson of the Nile and Duke of Brontë in Sicily.

Miss Alice Cecil Filmer, whose engagement to Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilson, the son and heir of Mr. Arthur Wilson, of Tranby Croft, has been announced, is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Edmund Filmer, Bart., of East Sutton Park, Staplehurst, Kent, and elder sister of the present baronet, who is only thirteen years of age. The Filmers are among the most ancient of our Kentish families, being descended from Robert Filmour, who was owner of the manor of Herst, at Otenden, in the reign of Edward II. The manor of East Sutton was purchased by Sir Edward Filmer, Knight, in the reign of James I.; his son, Sir Robert, was an enthusiastic adherent of Charles I., his mansion house at East Sutton having been plundered no less than ten times in one year during the Civil Wars. East Sutton Park, which commands a splendid prospect over the Weald of Kent, contains much that is interesting in the shape of carving, tapestry, and pictures, not to mention some of the articles of attire of Good Queen Bess, of the architecture of whose reign it is a fine specimen.

M. Ribot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the man talked of at this moment in France. M. Carnot showed his wisdom when he chose the peace-loving deputy to fill one of the most dangerous Governmental posts in Europe. Alexandre Ribot began life as a barrister, and published two remarkable works of special interest to his English confrères: one, a Life of Lord Erskine, implied a thorough knowledge of the English language; the other—a treatise on the advisability of founding in England a court of appeal for criminal cases—was a good deal noticed.

The late General Sir John Bloomfield Gough, G.C.B., who died on Sept. 24, was a son of Dean Gough, of Derry, and nephew of Field-Marshal the first Viscount Gough. Having been educated at Sandhurst, he entered the Army in 1820, became General in 1871, and retired in 1877. He served in the Chinese war 1840 to 1842, as D.Q.M.G.; at Gwalior, 1843 to 1844, as Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India; as a brigadier in the Sutlej Army in 1845 to 1846 he commanded second brigade of cavalry at battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshah; as Q.M.G. of Forces in India at battle of Sohraon he was severely wounded; and he served in the Punjab campaign, 1848 to 1849, including the battles of Chillianwallah and Goojerat.



THE LATE GENERAL SIR J. B. GOUGH.

Mr. Seymour Lucas, the well-known artist, who is one of the victims of the lamentable railway accident in Spain, having suffered a double fracture of the leg and other injuries, is one of the most recent Associates of the Royal Academy. Mr. Lucas has an affection for Spanish subjects for his pictures. His Academy canvas, a couple of years ago, depicted one of the proud commanders of old Spain surrendering to the captain of an English ship, while his famous "Game of Bowls on Plymouth Hoe" (reproduced at Drury Lane by Sir Augustus Harris in his autumn drama in 1888) illustrated another event in that stirring period when England and Spain disputed for the supremacy of the sea. He is an ardent student of archaeological lore, and his studio at West Hampstead is picturesque with ancient furniture, ancient cups and flagons, and a perfect wealth of ancient armour. The latest accounts of Mr. Lucas are favourable. His wife left England at once on receiving the sad intelligence.

Mr. H. S. Foster, who, with Mr. Alderman Tyler, is a sheriff-elect for the City and was admitted to the shrievalty, is a well-known figure in various City circles—political, speculative, religious. He at one time thought of going to the Bar, but he was not called, and in the end abandoned law for business. In this sphere he has of late been a very successful man. He made a large sum out of the conversion of the proprietary of a well-known patent medicine into a company, and has been fortunate in other directions. He is still a young man, but his engagements are multifarious. He is a member of the London County Council and the School Board on the Conservative side, and takes a considerable interest in London politics. He is also a prominent and active supporter of the Young Men's Christian Association, and is often seen and heard on Exeter Hall platforms. He has travelled much, and has resided some time in Australia.

The death of the young Grand Duchess Paul of Russia, a daughter of King George of Greece and granddaughter of the



THE LATE GRAND DUCHESS PAUL OF RUSSIA.

King of Denmark, niece also to the Princess of Wales, is a sad event for several reigning families. Princess Alexandra of Greece married the Grand Duke Paul, youngest brother of the Emperor of Russia, on June 17, 1889, and gave birth last year to a daughter, and to a son the week before her death, which has occurred soon after reaching the age of twenty-one. It took place at Moscow, in the house of the Grand Duke Sergius, her husband's brother. The Emperor Alexander III. and the Empress, who were on a visit to the King of Denmark at Copenhagen, have returned in great haste to Russia, in consequence of this family affliction.

Mr. Robert Stannard, C.E., who died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. George Augustus Sala, was, we believe, the last survivor of those who were connected with the historic Liverpool and Manchester Railway. He was born in the neighbourhood of Chat Moss, and it was his father who supported George Stephenson, and who overcame the difficulties of constructing a railway across the Moss after George Stephenson had despaired of accomplishing the feat. Robert Stannard the elder conceived the idea of making a bottom to the Moss, by the ingenious plan of laying down, "herring-bone" fashion, whole plantations of young larch stems; and by tipping earth on this foundation a solid mass was ultimately formed. He also constructed a peculiar patten, or clog, for the horses to wear when working on the Moss, a pattern of which is exhibited in Manchester to this day. His son Robert, now deceased, was a lad at the time of the Chat Moss difficulty, but before he was twenty years old he was selected by Mr. Brassey as his manager for a large section of the Paris and Rouen Railway. He was next associated with Brunel and Sir Morton Peto, and for the last thirty years of his life was a principal representative of the firm of Messrs. Lucas and Aird when they carried out most important contracts. His name, indeed, is associated with nearly every great railway in England constructed in the last forty-five years. He has left many interesting notes and diaries, which will be utilised by Mrs. George Augustus Sala in a little biography she is writing of her father, to be published early in the new year.

Mr. C. P. Scott, the Liberal candidate for North-East Manchester, is a journalist of much ability and of scholarly attainments. He was born in 1846, eldest son of the late Mr. John Russell Scott, of London, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he gained first-class honours in classics, and took the M.A. degree. After his University studies, he was sent to Edinburgh to learn the work of literary journalism and editorship at the hands of Mr. Alexander Russel, editor of the Scotsman. For Mr. Scott is a nephew of Mr. J. E. Taylor, the chief proprietor of the Manchester Guardian, and has for



MR. C. P. SCOTT.

some years past been charged with its management and editorship. He is a very hard worker, and there is telephonic communication between his house and the office of the Guardian. He is also a fair public speaker, is a magistrate, and is on the governing body of Owens College and of other Manchester institutions. This is not the first occasion of his being candidate for the seat in Parliament to which he aspires, as he contested the same Manchester constituency in 1886, when he was defeated by Sir James Fergusson with a majority of 327.

Mr. James Stephens, known in Irish revolutionary history as the "Head Centre" of the Fenian movement, or, more specifically, as the central organiser of the Irish Republic, has arrived in Dublin, having travelled in the same boat as Mr. Parnell, whom he has never seen and did not recognise. Mr. Stephens has not, as has been supposed, any sentence recorded against him. He was accused of treason-felony, but escaped while waiting his trial in Richmond Jail. A charge of treason-felony lapses in time, and there is no doubt that Mr. Stephens has returned with the tacit consent of the English Government.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The political horizon in Europe has cleared up wonderfully during the last few days. To the uneasiness and apprehension which prevailed throughout the Continent has succeeded a feeling of security and confidence such as has been unknown for several years. In political meteorology it is always a mistake to look too much ahead, and the near future being promising, it is needless to go beyond for the present.

The grounds upon which the prevailing sense of security is based are several. In the first place comes the relaxation of the passport regulations in Alsace-Lorraine, according to which, on and after Oct. 1, passports will be required in Alsace-Lorraine only from foreign officers on active service, ex-officers or cadets of military schools, and such persons as have lost German nationality and are under the age of forty-five years. Foreigners entering Alsace-Lorraine will, of course, have to submit to various regulations and to report themselves to the local police; but the objectionable features of the old system, which required the fulfilment of endless formalities before a foreigner could obtain the necessary visa and proceed on his journey, have been removed.

It will be remembered that the old passport regulations were reapplied with the greatest severity after the journey to Paris of the Empress Frederick; it would seem that the present relaxation is in some measure due to the energy with which the French Government suppressed the anti-German manifestations to which the performance of "Lohengrin" seemed likely to give rise. In Germany the decision of the Government has been received with universal satisfaction, and in France newspapers of all shades of opinion are unanimous in praising the wisdom of the action of the German Emperor. Coming after some hasty utterances which had created considerable emotion in France, the relaxation of the passport regulations is the more welcome to the French people, whose pacific sentiments, as evidenced by the speeches of President Carnot and M. de Freycinet, are thus acknowledged by the Emperor William. Another reason for believing in the maintenance of peace is the address delivered at Frankfurt, on Sept. 24, by Baron von Berlepsch, the Minister of Commerce, who said: "The best guarantee of peace is the will of our august Sovereign, which coincides with that of the nation, to preserve peace."

Finally, the speeches delivered by Chancellor von Caprivi at Osnabrück and by M. Ribot at Bapaume have confirmed and strengthened the belief in the maintenance of peace. Said the Chancellor: "At the present moment there is not the slightest ground for doubting that peace will be maintained. No cloud darkens the political horizon." As to M. Ribot, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, on the same day, Sept. 27, after alluding to the sentiments of friendship extended to the French sailors in Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, and England, he attributed them to the widespread feeling that France is once more an indispensable factor in the European equilibrium, and is imparting to it an additional guarantee for the maintenance of peace. And as a proof that the wish to preserve peace is sincere on the part of the French Government, M. Ribot added: "It is not at a moment when we are in a position to cultivate peace with the greatest dignity that we shall expose ourselves to the danger of compromising it." M. Ribot's speech has been hailed with satisfaction in Germany as well as in France, and the impression produced by it and by the address of Chancellor von Caprivi in all European capitals is excellent.

If the political outlook in Europe is reassuring, there are, on the contrary, numerous dark spots in the East, where for some time to come events will have to be followed with great attention. In China there are, fortunately, no fresh outbreaks to record, and it is hoped that the anti-foreign wave has spent its force and that the worst is over. The Chinese Government has informed the Cabinets of Berlin, Paris, and London, through its representatives in those capitals, that it is taking all necessary measures for the adequate protection of foreigners, that it has ordered the northern fleet to proceed to the disturbed region, and that it hopes that the Governments of Germany, France, and England will await the result of these measures before taking the law into their own hands, as it was supposed they were inclined to do. It would seem that, so far, the European Powers are not disposed to take action, and are willing to give time to the Chinese; besides, there is an impression abroad that there does not exist perfect unanimity among the Powers interested as to the opportuneness of acting energetically in China or as to what should be done. Russia, it is asserted, will take no part in a demonstration against China.

For some time past considerable curiosity, not to say uneasiness, has been felt in official centres both at home and in India as to the movements of the Russians in Central Asia and in the Pamir region. A few days ago it was announced that Captain Younghusband had been excluded by the Russians from the Little Pamir and the Alichar Valley, but the vagueness of the information did not convey much meaning to the general reader. Were the Russians on their own territory, or on Afghan, British, or Chinese ground? Had they been on British or Afghan territory the fact would have been ascertained immediately, and therefore it was surmised that they were on Chinese territory. This surmise turned out to be correct, for it has since been reported that the Russian exploring party, numbering 150 men, was in a region which Russia claimed a few years ago, and which China staunchly refused to give up. It was also said that a Chinese general had vainly tried to prevent the Russian advance.

As to Captain Younghusband, he was said to be on the Tagdumbash Pamir as late as Sept. 6; he had been led to expect that he would be allowed to join the Russian expedition, but ultimately the Russians desired him to withdraw, and that, it appears, is the explanation of his exclusion. All this is somewhat vague; but the matter will, no doubt, soon be cleared up and the real facts ascertained, when it will be possible to form an opinion as to the true importance of the movement of the Russians in Central Asia. It is said, however, that great uneasiness prevails in Indian official circles, where, no doubt, the facts are better known and more accurately gauged than can possibly be the case here. On Sept. 30 it was rumoured at Bombay that Captain Younghusband had been killed, but this report is extremely doubtful.

An outbreak is reported to have occurred in Guatemala, in Central America, on Sept. 15, when the troops were called out to disperse the mob, and some five hundred persons were killed.

OUR PORTRAITS.

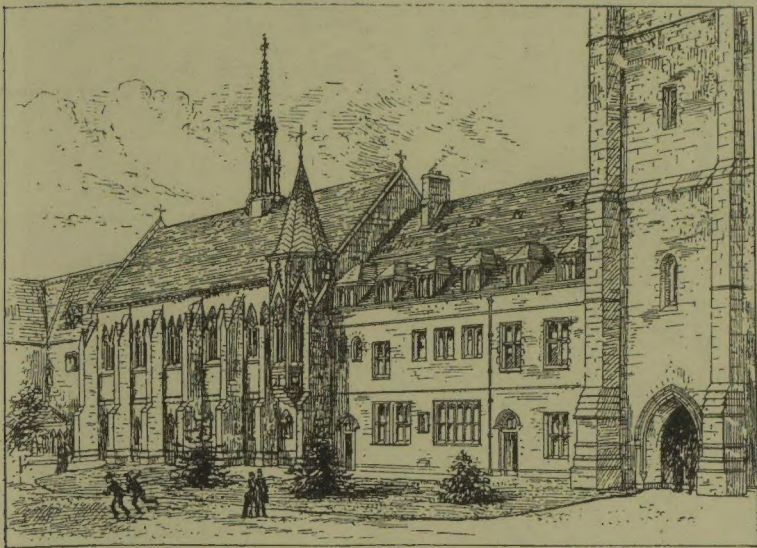
Our portrait of the late General Sir J. B. Gough is from a photograph by Mr. Lafayette, of Dublin; that of Mr. C. P. Scott from one by Mr. Franz Baum, of Manchester; that of the new Lord Justice-General of Scotland by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street, London; and that of the late Count Piper by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

GLENALMOND COLLEGE, PERTHSHIRE.

The visit of Mr. Gladstone to Trinity College, Glenalmond, on Thursday, Oct. 1, to attend the jubilee festival of that institution, and to lay the foundation-stone of the new wing of its buildings, is an occasion of some personal and historical interest, for Mr. Gladstone is the only surviving founder of the college, and it was his father, Sir John Gladstone, who laid the first stone of the building, nearly fifty years ago.

The college was founded in 1841. In that year was issued a circular letter bearing signatures of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, James R. Hope, and Dean Ramsay, which explained the scheme of founding a public school, on the English model, in Scotland, and invited the support of Scottish parents. The sum of £16,000 was almost immediately raised. Among the first subscribers were the Queen Dowager, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lothian, and six members of the Gladstone family. The building was begun in 1842, but delays occurred, and the college was not opened till 1847.

The first Warden appointed was the Rev. Dr. Scott (Dean of Rochester and Master of Balliol), but he resigned before the college could be opened. Mr. W. E. Gladstone then secured



NEW BUILDING AT THE COLLEGE, GLENALMOND.

the services of the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, then second master at Winchester, under whom, as Warden, the school opened on May 4, 1847.

In 1851 Dr. Wordsworth built the handsome chapel, chiefly at his own expense, at a cost of more than £8000. In 1854 the Rev. Dr. Hannah (afterwards Archdeacon of Lewes) succeeded Dr. Wordsworth, who had become Bishop of St. Andrews. In his time the hall, sanatorium, and lodge were built. In 1870 Dr. Thornton succeeded, and was followed in 1873 by Dr. Percy Robinson. When the Warden's house and the rooms of the theological students were burnt down, the Theological Department was removed to Edinburgh. On the death of Dr. Robinson, in 1881, the Rev. W. Richmond, Fellow of Keble College, Oxford, succeeded; and to him is due the formation of the modern side and many characteristic features of the life of the school. The present Warden, the Rev. J. H. Skrine, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, came to Glenalmond on Mr. Richmond's retirement in 1888; he had been Sixth Form master at Uppingham School till the death, in 1887, of his friend Edward Thring, the well-known Head Master of Uppingham. Since he came to Glenalmond the increase of boys at the school, whose numbers have doubled in three years, has necessitated additional buildings. The gymnasium was constructed and additional dormitory accommodation was arranged in 1889. A new wing, which will complete the quadrangle, has now been commenced. Under the present Warden the classical and modern sides have been remodelled, and an Army side established. The present number of boys is the largest on record.

At the jubilee celebration this year were present the only surviving founder (Mr. Gladstone), the first Warden of Glenalmond (Bishop Wordsworth), the first boy who entered the school (the Marquis of Lothian), and the first school captain (Bishop Sandford). On the staff of the college have been the following well-known persons, still living: The Bishop of St. Andrews, Bishop Barry, Professor Bright (Canon of Christ Church, Oxford), Canon Brown (of St. Paul's, London), and the Bishop of Edinburgh; besides Dean Scott and Archdeacon Hannah, deceased. Among the "Old Glenalmonds" who have become distinguished are the Marquis of Lothian (Secretary of State for Scotland), Sir Charles McGregor, K.C.S.I., Sir J. McQueen, K.C.B.; two Victoria Cross heroes, Major H. Dick-Cunynghame and Captain Dundas; the Earl of Elgin, Viscount Dalrymple, Lord Borthwick, Lord Carnegie, Lord Ralph Kerr, Bishop Sandford, Sir Alexander Wilson (High Sheriff of Calcutta), Mr. H. W. Primrose, C.B. (Secretary H.M. Office of Works). This school has sent ninety-five officers to the Army. Of prominent scholars trained at Glenalmond we find Mr. E. G. Browne (Fellow of Pembroke, Cambridge), Mr. P. A. Henderson (Sub-Warden of Wadham, Oxford), the Rev. H. A. Wilson (Fellow of Magdalen, Oxford), Mr. H. G. Wedderburn (Fellow of Madras University), and Mr. H. A. T. Currie (Fellow of Cooper's Hill). The Theological Department, for the training of the clergy, has been for some fourteen years conducted at Edinburgh, where Canon Keating is now at its head. This school is the oldest public school of Scotland.

The situation of the buildings hardly appears in our view; it is a wooded cliff overhanging the Almond, which passes under the north and east fronts of the college. The Grampians rise in foothills from the opposite bank; "Sma' Glen," with Ossian's tomb, is within four miles. The towns of Perth and Crieff are each ten miles distant; to Methven Station is four miles. On the cliff above the river stand the castellated buildings, in the form of a quadrangle, built of red sandstone, containing dormitories, school-rooms, class-rooms, and other apartments on

two sides, connected by several cloisters. The chapel is at the south-east corner, a large and very fine building, the gift of Bishop Wordsworth, the first Warden; the Hall, built in 1861-2, is very beautiful; its staircase, with a central pillar supporting the groined roof, recalls Christ Church, Oxford. The new wing connecting the hall and chapel completes the eastern side of the quadrangle, forming a continuous elevation of about 150 ft. It contains large, airy class-rooms on the ground floor, with dormitories on the two upper floors. A projecting wing to the east gives further accommodation, with a master's residence and the necessary staircases and lavatories. The elevation is designed to contrast with the elaborate richness of the adjoining chapel and hall. The architect is Mr. G. Henderson, of Edinburgh, whose father was architect of the original buildings.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

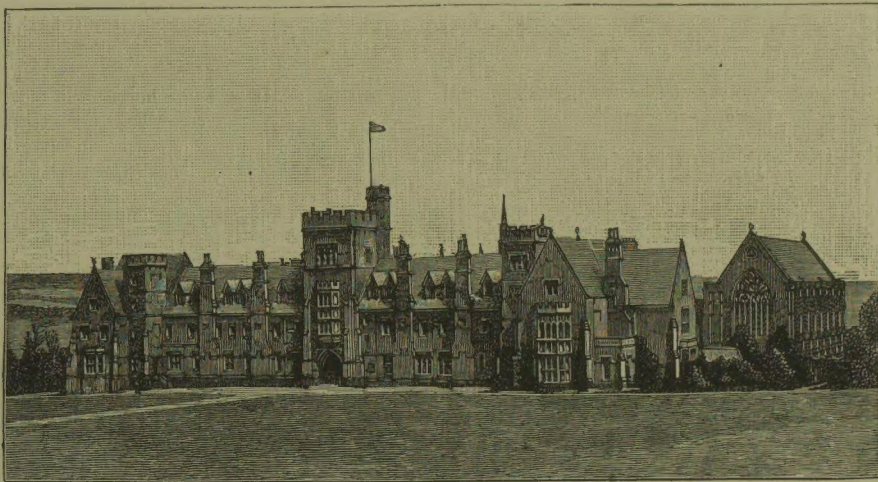
BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There was a rude retort in our schoolboy days by which the cocky youngster was curtly told to mind his own business—

"Don't teach your grandmother how to suck eggs." There has been a little too much instruction in the art of egg-sucking lately on the part of impertinent young gentlemen who, with supreme condescension, have taken the poor, neglected, ill-used drama under their protecting wings. We are told that, with the air of martyrs, and exuding culture at every pore of their skin, they, the high-priests of literature—in their own feeble imagination—deign to waste their valuable time in the service of the miserable, down-trodden, and vulgar amusement in which the English Theatre is concerned. Hitherto the wretched outcast has been protected by a class of men who borrow dress-coats from waiters and fuddle themselves at restaurant bars; but now the day of enlightenment is at hand, and the cause of one of the most beautiful of the arts is to be entrusted to the "cocksure school"—to the charge of disappointed dramatists, touting journalists, and booksellers' hacks, who have not the skill to argue nor the power to convince—men, who, destitute of breeding and ignorant of courtesy, cannot agree to differ with their opponents as gentlemen were wont to do, but fling libels like mud, and end controversy with a feminine shriek: "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" Once more it has been proved that

the art of writing plays is not so easy a matter as the cocksure gentlemen insist. The mere love of literature and the mere power of expression, the gift of brain and the power of analysis, may considerably aid the dramatist, but they do not make him. From the days of Shakspeare downwards the best plays have been written by men who, if not actors, have lived in the very atmosphere of the theatre. The dramatist must be apprenticed to his trade. There is no professor of literature—be he novelist, essayist, journalist, what not—who can dispense with training; but neither the novelist nor the journalist nor the mere bookmaker can turn to the stage and take up the trade of play-writing without learning the grammar of the art to which he intends to devote himself.

What man who loves the dramatic art, who has studied it, who knows how ennobling an art it is when properly recognised, did not rejoice when it was rumoured that Mr. Henry James intended to write for the stage? Here was a man specially qualified for the task he set before himself. A charming writer, a deep thinker, a man with style and observation, a student of plays and players, an admirer of the best school of acting, the French school—here was a man fully equipped for his new enterprise. He had won his spurs as a novelist, but there was no reason why he should not succeed as a dramatist. The question was whether the special gifts



TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND, PERTHSHIRE.

and attainments of Mr. Henry James would be strong enough to weigh against his inexperience. It had to be decided if this specially gifted man was to be the exception that proves the wholesomeness of the rule by its very rarity.

Mr. Henry James has made his first venture. He has written his first play. He has dramatised his delightful novel, "The American." It has been written, it has been acted, it has been produced. A most patient hearing has been given to the new play. It was listened to with courteous attention; it has been criticised with care, consideration, and, I would trust, courtesy by the band of earnest, intelligent, and experienced gentlemen who, unlike some of their amateur advisers, happen to know something of the art they discuss. In the multitude of councillors perchance there is wisdom, and there has been no lack of advice given to the cultured and observant author. He has been told that he ought not to dramatisate a novel, and that novels never dramatisate successfully. He has been praised for his delightful dialogue and brilliant conversational power. He has been warned against mixing up pure comedy with pure melodrama in the same dramatic scheme. He has been praised, congratulated, sympathised with, and chaffed. Very rightly and truthfully it has been hinted to Mr. Henry James that his play as it stands might have looked even better than it appeared to be if only the actors and actresses on the stage could have imbibed and drunk in the author's idea. It is no use contrasting Bohemia with the Faubourg St.

Germain if the well-bred people are as Bohemian as the riff-raff. It is waste of time to put upon the stage a contrast instinct with interest if, when acted, it is no contrast at all. For my own part, I think that the idea underlying "The American" is as admirable a dramatic idea as author could well devise. The contrast between the new world and the old, the battle between wealth and pride, with love in the balance, is exactly the germ that in experienced hands should make a brilliant comedy of manners. But it should have been a comedy and nothing else. It should have been free from the taint of melodrama; it should have been free from duels and deaths, and ancient servitors and family secrets. The whole play should have been what the first act was—comedy, wit, sparkle, epigram—always comedy. I fancy such a subject would have been treated so by Dumas, by Scribe, by Augier, by Octave Feuillet, by Pailleron—yes, and by Sardou, who has written witty comedies as well as blood-and-thunder melodramas. And this brings me to my great point concerning what Mr. Henry James has not been told. He has not been told that should "The American," as dramatised, only prove a *succès d'estime*, it will be due alone to the dramatic inexperience on which I have insisted. It would be a grievous pity if Mr. Henry James left the stage in disgust, simply because his first venture has not turned out all he wanted it to be. He is not the kind of man to join the silly crew of disappointed dramatists, who, refusing to take heart, ascribe their temporary failure to a critical cabal on the part of prejudiced, ignorant, and venal men. That is too stale and silly a cry. We all know the old cricketing story. I have told it a hundred times: "How were you out, old fellow?" asked a friend in the pavilion to an indifferent bat who always made some excuse for his own want of skill. "What was it—bad bat, awkward pad, beastly gloves, sun in your eyes—what was it this time?" "No!" was the surly response. "D—d fool of an umpire!" This is the kind of cry raised by men of less literary power and far smaller intelligence than Mr. Henry James. They have virtually no other excuse, for they can do no better.

Any disappointment caused after seeing the dramatised "American" may be soon neutralised by a more intimate knowledge of the requirements of the stage. When people prate like parrots about "convention," they seek to imply that no formula is necessary before writing for the stage. The art of the novelist and the art of the dramatist are utterly distinct and apart. When Mr. Henry James wrote "The American" as a play, he thought he had explained everything. He had really explained nothing. He had his book well in his mind, and forgot that his audience knew nothing whatever of the book. He did not "joie his flats." He did not allow his hooks to meet his eyes. He thought that to write a play was as plain sailing as to write a book. But it is not. You must be at home before the footlights and behind them. You must not only study audiences; you must study the stage. Let me ask you have been the most successful writers for the stage in our time? First of all, actors—Boucicault, Robertson, Byron, Pinero, Carton. Secondly, men who have spent their lives in the study of the stage, and who, if not actors, have almost lived on the boards—Gilbert, Merivale, Albery, Grundy, Henry Arthur Jones. Thirdly, men who studied the art of dramatic construction under French masters—Palgrave Simpson, Tom Taylor, Charles Reade. If experience ever teaches, it does in stage matters, and on his next venture I expect Mr. Henry James to make not a success of esteem, but one of veritable triumph. But in order to do so he must, I fear, discard the study and the salon and condescend to the draughty, darksome theatre, to the vitiated atmosphere of the playhouse, to the miserable illumination of the T-light. He must not only live in the theatre, but attend rehearsals and communicate his own individuality to the players. Robertson did it; Charles Reade did it; Sardou does it.

As a rule, the actor and actress are not inventive. At rare intervals they are sympathetic. By a miracle they are even absorbent. The most brilliant of them, a man and genius like Robson, required the author's idea to be hammered into his head. When he got it there, he was all right; but it took a lot of hammering to produce the effect. So let Mr. Henry James, in the words of an old writer, "Thank God [that it was no worse], and take courage!"

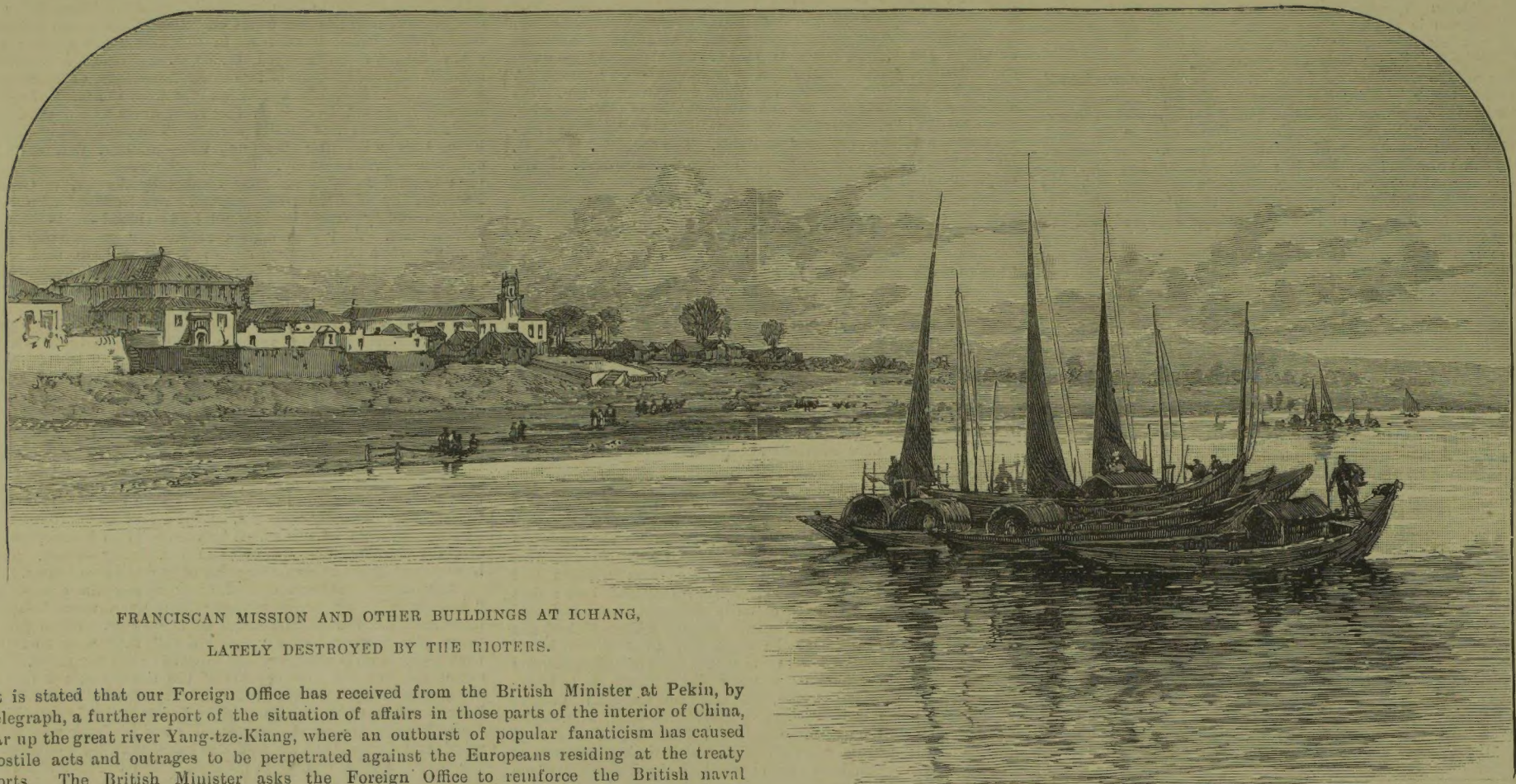
As for the acting in "The American," if not very brilliant or particularly useful to this dramatic idea, it might have been very much worse. We may wish, for instance, that a comedian like Mr. John Drew had been cast for "The American," because, to begin with, he is an American, and, next, he is more than a light comedian. But, on the other hand, Mr. Edward Compton did remarkably well. His first act was quite admirable in the best style of comedy; it was only the passionate and the tragic stop that frightened him. How few young actors can be light and heavy at the same time! It was a treat to hear Miss Bateman speak her lines as the Marquise, and I do not suppose that Mr. Henry James would have desired a better little French girl than Miss Adrienne Dairrolles. But the artistic triumph of the evening was won by Miss Louise Moodie. The author little knew what a pitfall he had prepared when he introduced the old woman with the family secret. But then he has not studied the English stage for thirty years. Miss Louise Moodie got him out of that scrape, and was brilliant throughout. What a treat it is when irreverent laughter is checked by the strong hand of a true artist!

According to letters from merchants attending the fair at Nijni Novgorod, a number of Afghan traders lately arrived there with a letter for the Governor from the Ameer Abdurrahman, stating that he had decided to open Afghanistan to free commercial intercourse with Russia in consideration of the good quality of the Russian products imported into Afghanistan during recent years. The Ameer is greatly flattered by the valuable presents sent to him by the Czar.

Master T. Sharples, pupil of Mrs. R. Froude Coules, of Worsley, near Manchester, has passed the final examination for the degree of Bachelor of Music at the University of Durham. He is seventeen years of age, the youngest candidate who has gained this degree at an English University. He also gained the diploma of Associate of the College of Organists at the age of fourteen, and the Fellowship diploma six months afterwards. He was appointed organist of Christ Church, Patricroft, after competition, at the age of thirteen. Several of his published competitions were played by him at his organ recitals at the Crystal Palace two years ago.

We hear from Australia that John Roberts, jun., the billiard-player, has been playing in Melbourne before very large numbers of spectators. He gave one fourth of the gross receipts to the floods relief fund, and has offered a prize of 100 gs. to establish a championship. It was not until his fifth match with H. Evans, who is styled the champion of Australia, that he exhibited the form for which he is celebrated at the all-round game. In this contest he made one break of 412, besides others of 202, 144, and 134. Roberts was giving 1000 points start in 2000, and won by 103 points. Of the four matches previously played he had won two and lost two.

THE ANTI-EUROPEAN RIOTS IN CHINA.



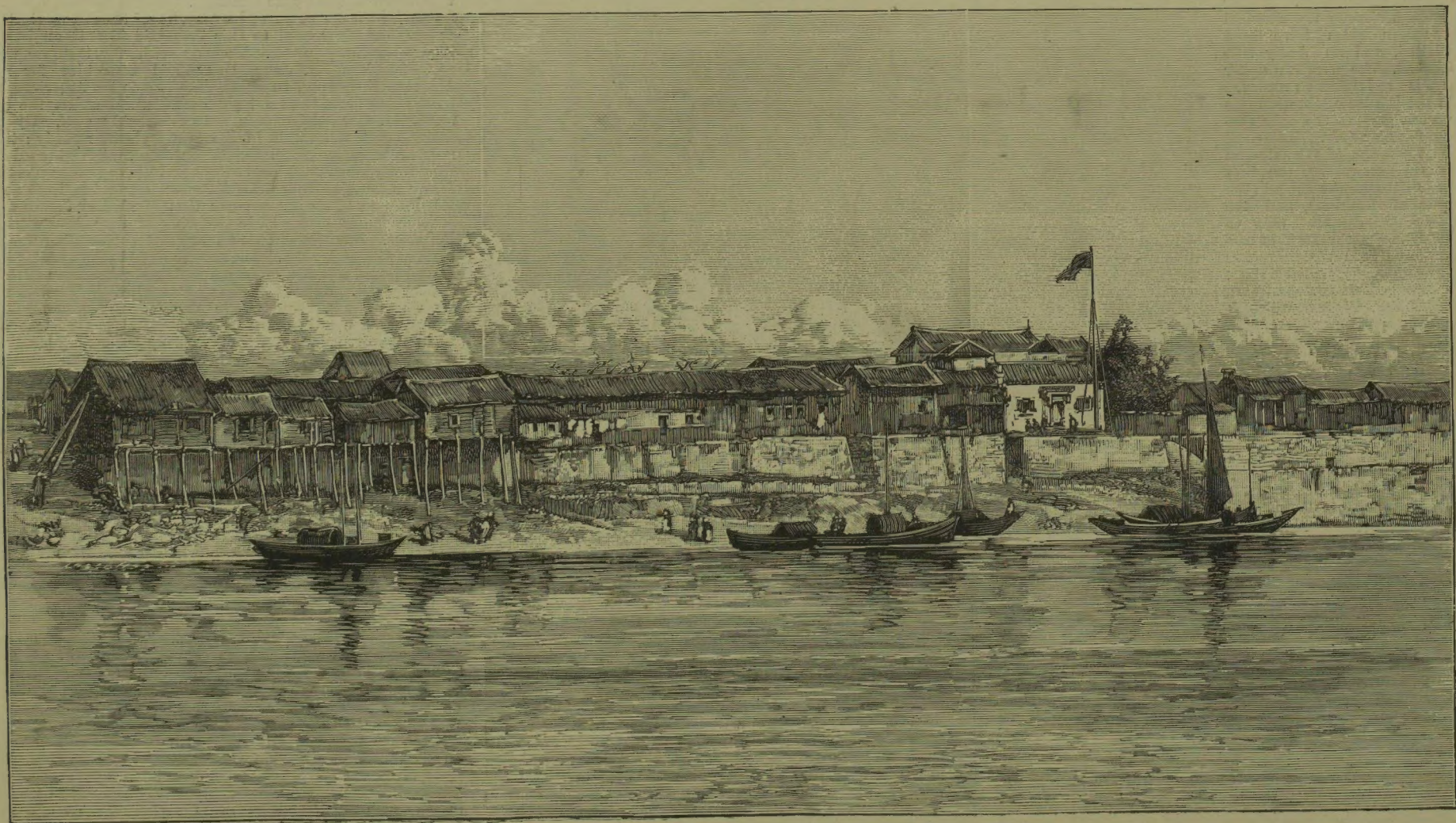
FRANCISCAN MISSION AND OTHER BUILDINGS AT ICHANG,
LATELY DESTROYED BY THE RIOTERS.

It is stated that our Foreign Office has received from the British Minister at Pekin, by telegraph, a further report of the situation of affairs in those parts of the interior of China, far up the great river Yang-tze-Kiang, where an outburst of popular fanaticism has caused hostile acts and outrages to be perpetrated against the Europeans residing at the treaty ports. The British Minister asks the Foreign Office to reinforce the British naval squadron in those waters. It is inferred that the European Powers will shortly have to take vigorous steps to insure the safety of their colony in China. At Ichang, on Sept. 3, the American Catholic missions and the houses of Messrs. Cain and Alldridge were burned. That of Mr. Cockburn was looted by Chinese fanatics. Several Franciscan sisters and one priest were badly hurt on the following day. The Catholic and Protestant missions were plundered and burned. The cause was the alleged stealing of a child which had been left at the convent by an unknown person; but there was evidence that the outburst had been long arranged. It seems to have been planned at Kalashui and executed by disguised Hunan soldiers. The British Consulate, the Customs houses, and Chinese property inside the city were protected, but the civil and military authorities are helplessly inactive; they fear to seize the leaders of the outbreak. A detachment of British sailors has gone to Ichang on a chartered steamer.

At Pekin it is asserted that the Chinese authorities at the treaty ports and inland towns are fully able to cope with disorder, and especially to repress any attempted outrages upon foreigners. On the other hand, it is questionably reported that the foreign Powers having treaties with China have demanded of the Chinese Government that the province of Hunan shall be opened to foreign trade and residence, on the ground that all the anti-foreign riots recently have emanated from there, as well as all the infamous publications against foreigners. The *Hong Kong Telegraph* publishes a long communication

from its Foochow correspondent, alleging that reports of impending disturbances in that city were concocted and telegraphed to Europe towards the end of July and at the commencement of August, for speculative purposes to raise the prices of the consignments of tea then on their way to European markets. The destruction of foreign and native warehouses in Foochow in a riot would, of course, practically prevent any more tea being exported from that port during the year. "As a matter of fact, the Foochow natives are, and have always been, docile and peaceable. The only ugly elements in Foochow are 1500 discharged Hunan soldiers, who are penniless and ready to rob and pilfer at every opportunity. On the other hand, there are over 8000 troops here, well disciplined and armed, who could suppress any riot in half an hour."

Notwithstanding these assurances of the safety of such towns as Foochow, which are more easily accessible, much anxiety is felt about the risk of an outbreak at Chungking, on the upper river, several hundred miles above Ichang, where the opening of the port to trade has induced over twenty European missionaries to take up their abode, intending to make Chungking a centre for work in the great western province of Sze-chuen.



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ICHANG.



He looked at me steadily for a moment more, and never, while life is left to me, shall I forget the scrutiny of those dying eyes.

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CONCLUSION.

I have always observed that, whenever I have engaged in an enterprise which has been at once good to pursue and likely to lead to speedy results, the most ordinary circumstances of life as well as its trivial adventures and casual accidents have seemed to conspire together to compel me to follow it. This amiable whim of fate held true on that Saturday morning, of the Eighth of December, 1860, when, leaving Israel ben Olriel at the door of his hut near Samsa, I returned to Tetuan with no more definite object than that of satisfying my interest in the details of his history.

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It must have been an hour after sunset when I got back to the town, for the mueddin was chanting his last call to prayers. Hooded talebs, with prayer-mats under their arms, were picking their way in the gathering darkness to the various mosques; and from these, as I went by on my mule, there came out into the streets the splash of water in the porticos and the low drone of singing voices behind the screens. Partly of necessity, for the only hotel was full, and partly from choice, for I wished to lose no promising opportunity of pursuing my inquiries, I went up to the Kasba myself, instead of sending my man Jellali, when arrangements for our lodgings had to be reopened with the officials. And there, while I was waiting for the Khalifa, the Governor's lieutenant, in a filthy patio reeking of rotten fish, my interest was strongly engaged in a woman who passed me stealthily on her way from the street to a door on the opposite side of the court, through which she disappeared. She wore a blanket over her head, and her eyes

stared strangely out of the hood which it made about her face. By the light of the lantern which Jellali carried I saw that she was black, and her dress and bearing, her gait and behaviour, seemed to say that she was a slave. Why these facts, in a land where they were common, should have arrested my attention it is beyond my power to say, but true it is, nevertheless, that promptly, instantly, by an impulse so strong and sudden that it must have been a thing outside myself, I called on Jellali to follow her and bring me word of what she was.

Before I had quite done with my pompous Khalifa, Jellali was back at my side, whispering the startling news that the woman had once been a slave of Israel ben Olriel, and could tell me all that I wished to know about him. The same night she came in secret to the lodgings that the Khalifa had assigned to us, which were this time in the more savoury quarter of the enclosure called the M.salla. I found her to be the simple, trusty soul, with a face all tears and a heart full of goodness,

who is known in this narrative as Fatima. She was in a fever of anxiety concerning the health of her late master, whom she had visited by stealth, and was just returning from when I first encountered her in the patio. The rascally Jellali had perceived this, and carried his purpose of fetching her to visit me by representing that I was a travelling doctor. She told me much of Israel ben Olliel, whose name she worshipped; of his dead wife Ruth, who was like rose-perfume in her memory; and of Naomi, their daughter, whom she loved like a nurse and second mother. It is not for me to say with what emotion I listened to her, though she told her story in spasms, in gasps, without sequence, and without order. Even yet I can see myself in that dark house, both as I was—a silent man—with that agitated black face before me, and as I found myself when it had gone (after I had promised to lose no time in going to Sema), tramping the quiet place in the dead of night, with tender thoughts of the sweet girl who lay even then in the noisome dungeon of the Kasba, and fierce imprecations of the bestial savage who had put her there.

Next morning, Sunday morning, not long after I had been awakened by the deafening crackle of flintlocks which the mountaineers were discharging in the feddan by way of signal that the Sultan was going to say his prayers at the door of some saint's house, Jellali, who came with my coffee, brought the message of a deputation of Jews who were waiting in the patio to see me. I found them, I confess, an unwholesome group of visitors, but their manifest distress overcame my rebellious senses, and I listened with eagerness to what they had come to say. They said it cautiously, after the manner of their race, and nervously, like men who knew too well what it was to be crushed and kept under. By half-confidences and coaxings I penetrated their purpose at last. It was to tell me that the town was shortly to be besieged by the Spaniards, and to engage my help at a dangerous moment in seizing and destroying the tyrants who were then its masters.

It appeared that the mystery of my movements in going and coming had pointed me out to their sympathies as a brother in secret, and when I betrayed a keen interest in what they said of Israel ben Olliel and of Naomi, they undertook to fetch me one who could both tell me more of those unhappy people and of the surprise that was to be made on Tetuan.

This person was brought to me after dark the same night, Sunday night. He was a black lad, eighteen years of age, bright-eyed, strong-hearted, brave, and resolute. It was Ali, the adopted son of Israel ben Olliel. In a clear and simple way he told me of himself, of Israel, of Naomi, of their separation, of his flight from Tetuan, and of his return to it. After he had fulfilled his unlawful errand of mercy at Shawan he had gone on to Ceuta, and there, with a spirit afire for the wrongs of his master, from whom he was so cruelly parted, he had set himself with equal shrewdness and daring to incite the Spanish powers to vengeance upon his master's enemies. This had been a task very easy of execution, for just at that time intelligence had come up from the Reef of barbarous raids made by Benaboo upon mountain tribes who had hitherto offered allegiance to the Spanish crown. A mission had gone up to Fez, and returned unsatisfied. War was to be declared, Marteel was to be bombarded, the army of Marshal O'Donnell was to come up the valley of the river, and Tetuan was to be taken.

Such was the great secret which by the whim of fate had been so strangely revealed to me; but what Ali's own mission was I almost hesitate to say. This was the feast of the Mulud, and on the last night of it, the eighth night, the Friday night, Benaboo, the Basha, was to give "a gathering of delight" to the Sultan, his Ministers, his Kadis, his Kadis, his Khalifas, his Amin, and great rascals generally. Ali's stout heart stuck at nothing. He was for locking the entire kennel of dogs in the banqueting-hall at the moment when the gates were thrown open to the Spaniards, and then firing the Kasba, and burning it to the ground, with all the Moorish tyrants squalling inside of it like rats in a trap.

One danger attended this bold adventure, for Naomi's prison was within the Kasba walls. It was to meet this peril that my help had been enlisted. I was to get myself invited to the banquet, then find my way into the dungeon, deliver Naomi, lock the Kasba gate (after the guard who kept it had been removed), and deliver up to Ali the key that should serve as the signal for the beginning of the great night's work.

I confess that if I shrank from this scheme, it was not my humanity but my fear that withheld me, for my heart was aflame with tender thoughts of Naomi's miseries, and with hatred of Benaboo, who was the cause of them. With some shame in the face of Ali's courage, I counselled caution.

"Ali," I said, "tell me, isn't it all you wish for to get Naomi out of prison and take her back to her father?"

"Yes, Sidi," said Ali, promptly.

"And you don't want to be torturing these tyrannical rascals if you can do what you wish without?"

"N—o—o, Sidi," said Ali, doubtfully.

"Then," I said, "at least let us try."

I slept little that night, and whenever, in fitful gasps, slumber overcame me, the thoughts of my waking hours were the subjects of my dreams. They were all of Naomi—Naomi blind, Naomi mute, and Naomi flying from Tetuan by my side. By the next morning, Monday morning, I had concluded to go to the Basha and demand Naomi's liberty. What hope there could reasonably be for so daring an embassy I hardly suffered myself to inquire. That the sweet girl, whose face I had seen in the Sultan's possession, could be lingering in the Basha's dungeons, for no fault but love of her father, and no crime but fidelity to her faith; that this could be, even after she had sacrificed the one and abandoned the other, was enough for my hot head, backed up by my burning heart. But somewhere in my mind there floated vague intentions, which meant no treason to the scheme which Ali had devised, of using the weapon of the coming of the Spaniards as a means to enforce my will.

After various parleyings with guards and negroes in the winding ways of the Kasba, I was introduced to the Basha's presence. That august scoundrel received me in a dark room, wherein I could only dimly see his face. He was stretched on a carpet in much the position of a dog with his muzzle on his fore paws. "Welcome," he said gruffly, and without changing his own unceremonious posture he gave me a signal to sit. I had hated him before, and now I loathed him. He sat silent and gloomy for a moment, and then demanded the reason of my visit. I gave it in few words, for my anger was choking me.

The Basha listened to me at first, in blank bewilderment, and I knew that some half-dozen armed attendants at the farther end of the room were shuffling about in their consternation. At last the old rascal raised his voice, and said, "Ya Allah! Who is this Christian?" Then changing his tone suddenly, he cried, "Sir, I know who you are! You come to me on this mock errand about this girl, but that is not your purpose! You are a spy and a revolutionary come hither to ruin our religion and our State. The penalty for such as you is death, and, by Allah, you shall die!"

Stern and speedy yet childish tyranny like this was more than I had bargained for, and I confess that I trembled. Nevertheless, I contrived to look coolly into his face, and say, "Benaboo, ask pardon of God. You talk about putting me to death. You cannot and you dare not do it."

"Why not?" he cried. "What's to hinder me? I could do it this instant and no man need know."

I saw my advantage, and answered, "Basha, do you think you are talking to a child? Do you think that when I came here I did not foresee that it was to be a dangerous mission? Do you think my visit is not known to others than ourselves outside? Do you think there are not some there who are alert for the result? Do you think my country would submit tamely if on an errand of mercy her subject perished? Benaboo, ask pardon of God, I say. You are a fool!"

So strongly had I wrought upon my indignation while saying this that I half believed my own story, and the Basha believed it entirely. His face became black and swelled with rage. But I could see that he was cowed. He hesitated a moment in silence, and then, returning to my first demand, he said, "And what if I do not liberate the girl?"

"Then," I said, following up my advantage, "if any evil befall her the consequence shall be on your head—worse consequences than you expect or dream."

"What consequences?" he demanded.

I remembered my duty to Ali, and my tongue refused to speak.

"What consequences?" the Basha cried again, more sternly.

I halted, I stammered, I broke down. My cause was lost. Benaboo began to laugh. "Light the Christian out of the Kasba," he shouted, waving one of the forepaws on which his dusky muzzle had rested. I felt that I was the fool now, and rose to go. One glance I gave the black rascal of hate and loathing, both the fiercer for the reflection that by my mad embassy I had gained nothing and lost the chance of putting Ali's plan into motion, for at that instant I would have clutched at it. Then, as I moved away, Benaboo cried, "Wait! You are an Englishman, and I love the men of your nation. The girl shall lie and rot in prison until she turns Mussulma again, and recants her recantation, but you shall come to my banquet on Friday—are you willing?"

I did not answer him at once. It came over me with the terror of a ghostly thing that just as he had defeated my more innocent purpose this man should blindly walk into the toils of my darker scheme.

"Are you willing?" cried Benaboo, a second time.

I answered "Yes," in a half-smothered voice. He was the most perfect demon my eyes had ever beheld, but I confess that I crept out of his presence like a guilty man.

That night I dreamt of Naomi again—a troubled but delicious dream—and next morning, Tuesday morning, I set out to visit Israel ben Olliel, according to my promise made to Fatima. No hope had I of curing his body, whatever the infirmities from which it suffered; but one remedy I believed I carried for the evils that oppressed his mind. He thought that Naomi had deserted him of her own free will and wish. Also he understood that she was living in luxury in the house of his enemy while he lay sick in the hut that had been their home. These false notions, which were at once the seed and the fruit of his madness, should at least be dispelled. Let come what would, the man should neither live nor die in such bitterness of cruel error.

I found Israel ben Olliel in his right mind. He was sitting where I had left him by the door of his house, with a dejected air, a hopeless look, but the slow sad eyes of reason. Not until then had I seen him as he truly was, for when I saw him before the devil of madness possessed him. So grand a head I think I had not seen before, nor do I ever expect to look upon the like of it again. The poverty and misery that sat on him only made his face stand out the clearer. What shall I say to describe it? I can say nothing. It was the face of a man who for good or ill, for struggle or submission, had walked and wrestled with God.

With casual salutations, barely returned to me, I sat down beside him at a little distance away. He watched me as I did so, but paid me no further heed. I began to speak to him in a tender way, telling him who I was and why I came, and so little need had I to act my part that I had to keep my eyes away from him that I might find voice to speak at all. At first he listened with a brave show of composure. It seemed to me that the big heart of the man was a frozen clod, whereby his eyes and the muscles of his face and even the nerves of his fingers were also frozen. If the thaw ever came to them, what a deluge it must be!

I told him that I had seen Naomi, and he made a slow shake of the head and kept up bravely. Then I told him what had happened to her when he was taken to prison, and he listened with a great outer calmness. After that I described the poor girl's journey in the hope of taking food to him, and how she fell into the hands of Habeebah; and then I saw that the affection of the father was tearing his old heart woefully. At last I recited the incidents of her cruel trial, and how she had yielded at length, knowing nothing of religion, being only a child, seeing her father in everything and thinking to save his life, though she herself must see him no more; and then the great thaw came to him, and his fingers trembled, and his face twitched and the hot tears rained down his cheeks, and in the lapse of my voice the silence was broken by his sobs.

"My poor darling!" he muttered, in a trembling undertone. He asked in a faltering voice where she was at that time.

I told him she was back in prison for rebelling against the fortune intended for her—that of becoming a concubine of the Sultan—and for recanting her witness to Mohammed, for this was what I had gathered from Benaboo.

"My brave girl!" he muttered, and then his face shone with a new light that was both pride and pain.

He lifted his eyes as if he could see her, and his voice as if she could hear.

"Forgive me, Naomi! forgive me, my poor child! Your weak old father; forgive him, my brave, brave daughter!" This was as much as I could bear, and when the old man turned to me, and said in almost a childish tone, "I suppose there is no help for it now, Sir; I meant to take Naomi to your own country—to England, my poor mother's home, but"—

"And so you shall, by God!" I cried, leaping to my feet with the settled resolve that Ali's black plan should be carried into effect.

I got back to Tetuan the same day, full of my new purpose, but not without my secret trouble, for Naomi seemed impossible to me now. After leaving Israel ben Olliel I could no longer think of my love of Naomi without burning shame. What was my puny affection by the side of his mighty passion? An offence, a folly, an impertinence.

I did not sleep that night, and therefore no dream of my darling lit up the dark hours that trailed on to morning. Only one vision I had of her, and that was the waking vision of the damp prison where she lay confined. I resolved to see it; and, going out, with Jellali's guidance I proceeded in the

darkness and silence through the winding streets until I came under a narrow opening in an alley which was the only window to my dear one's prison. And though I felt shame of my love of her, I could not help but stay there the long dark hours through, as if the tramp, tramp, tramp of my footsteps, which once or twice provoked the challenge of the night guard on his lonely round, could be company to her in her solitude. When day dawned I went back to my lodging, less sore at heart, but not less wrathful or resolute.

That day, Wednesday, and the next day, Thursday, I spent in feverish impatience, waiting for the following day, Friday, which was to see the end of my enterprise. To beguile myself of my nervousness, I spent much of the time in the streets, watching the people keep the festival of their faith—the last kindling of their burnt-out fanaticism. It was a poor smouldering mockery of fire. Besides the firing of long guns and the twanging of the gimbril the chief business of the day seemed to be begging. One bow-legged rascal in a ragged jellab went about constantly with a little loaf of bread, crying, "An ounce of butter for God's sake!" and when someone gave him the alms he asked he stuck the white sprawling mess on the top of the loaf and changed his cry to "An ounce of cheese for God's sake!" A pert little vagabond—street Arab in a double sense—promenaded the town barefoot, carrying an odd slipper in his hand, and calling on all men by the love of God and the face of God and the sake of God to give him a moozonah towards the cost of its fellow. Every morning the Sultan went to mosque under his red umbrella, and every evening he sat in the hall of the court of justice, pretending to hear the petitions of the poor, but actually dispensing charms in return for presents. First an old wrinkled reprobate with no life left in him but the life of lust: "A charm to make my young wife love me!" Then an ill-favoured hag behind a blanket: "A charm to wither the face of the woman that my husband has taken instead of me!" Again, a young wife with a tearful voice: "A charm to make me bear children!" A greasy smile from the fat Sultan, a scrap of dirty writing to every supplicant, chinking coins dropped into the bag of the attendant from the treasury, and then up and away. It was a nauseous draught from the bitter waters of Islam.

The eighth day, Friday, came at last, and with it came more ceremony than I can suffer myself to detail—firing of countless flintlocks, processions of young boys on donkeys returning from circumcision at the hands of the barbers in the Saints' Houses, and praying and preaching in the enclosure called the M'salla. But, for all the religious tumult, I knew the people too well to be deceived by their outward marks of devotion. At corners of the streets, on the feddan, by the fountains, wherever men could meet to talk unheard, there they stood in little groups, crossing their forefingers, the sign of strife, or rubbing their side by side, the sign of amity. It was clear that, notwithstanding the hubbub of their loyalty to the Sultan, they knew that the Spaniard was coming and were glad of it.

As for myself, I was too nervous to be glad and too impatient to be indignant. I longed for the night, that the thing I had to do could be done. Ali had arranged everything—the foresight and wit of the black lad were astounding. And such details of my action as Ali could not compass, Benaboo himself had blindly seen to—so ghostly was the power that pushed me along.

The first hour of night had just gone over, when two soldiers of the assaseen came with lanterns to lead me to the banquet. I was ready dressed, after the Moorish manner, in kaftan, soolham, turban, and kisá. At the gate of the Kasba the soldiers left me, and, passing the negro who kept it, I came through winding passages to the garden that opened upon the great hall. A number of other guests were there already, cooling themselves in the night air, while they waited for the arrival of the Sultan. His Shereefian Majesty came at length, and then, amid salaams and peace-blessings, the company passed through. "Peace on you!" "And on you the peace!" "God make your evening!" "May your evening be blessed!"

Did I shrink from my task at that moment? No, no, a thousand times no! While I looked on at these men in their cotton and gauze and linen and scarlet, sweeping in with bows and hand-touchings to sup and to laugh and to tell their pretty stories, I remembered my love, my sweet innocent Naomi, lying in her damp cell beyond the wall.

Some minutes I stood in the darkness of the garden, while the guests entered, and until the barefooted servants of the kitchen began to troop in after them with great dishes under huge covers. Then there was a short parley between myself and the negro gate-keeper, two keys were handed to me, and in another minute I was standing at the door of my darling's prison.

Now, carefully as I had arranged every detail of my enterprise, down to the removal of the black woman Habeebah from this door, one fact I had not counted with, and that was the chief fact of all—the fact that I had to enter Naomi's cell, to speak to her, to tell her of my scheme, and to convince her of the purity of my purpose. With the gliding of the key in the lock all this, and more than this, flashed upon my mind, and the difficulty of what I had to do seemed terrible. Hard as it was to think it, after these eight days in which she had been the sole thought of my heart, my passion, my prayer, my love, my queen, Naomi knew nothing of me. Beset by evil counsellors, betrayed by false friends, all strangers would be as enemies to her poor soul in its trouble, and I myself was a stranger. Then what hope had I of so conquering her fears and so winning her trust as to prevail with her to go out with me even from a prison at night and alone? Such were my premonitions of Naomi's terrors; but I had no need to go so far for mine. On the other side of that door was she—she who was dearer to me than life itself, she whose face I had not seen, save for one brief instant in the procession of the Sultan, she whose voice I had never heard. I feared that the sight of the one and the sound of the other must surely freeze my tongue. "Angels help me now!" I thought, and then I found myself inside.

It was not so foul a den as I had expected. Perhaps Naomi's presence purified it, for to me it was a sacred place. A little open oil lamp was burning on a low stool, and Naomi lay resting on one elbow on a mattress beside it. Her pure face was pale yet delicately coloured, her fair hair hung loose over her breast, and one thin tress of it she was passing with the fingers of her free hand across the sweet channel of her lips.

She spoke and I heard her voice. As though by habit, she was framing the name of Habeebah when she stopped and lifted her eyes. "My father!" she said then, with a little nervous cry, and half rose to her feet. But through the accustomed darkness she saw me, and fell back. In my confusion I said simply, "It is I," as though that meant anything. Recovering myself in a moment I spoke again. "No, not your father," I said, "but I have come from him."

Then gathering courage and voice together I told her hurriedly who I was and why I was there. When I said that her father was no longer in prison, but at their home near Sema, she seemed almost overcome by her joy. And when I said

that he was at that moment waiting for her to take her to England, her face in that smoking light was lit up with a perfect sunshine of beauty. Half laughing, half weeping, clutching at her breast as if to ease the wild heaving of her bosom, her face all tenderness, her voice all tremor, she was transformed by my story. But when, in the boldness of my success I whispered "Hush! I am to take you to him; not a sound until we are outside the town," she hesitated, and looked helplessly about her.

It was only for one moment, for at the next I had drawn back and was saying, very softly, "Lady, can you trust me?" And then, without a word, she came to me—my darling, my love, my beloved, surrounded by enemies, already entrapped by friends—like the needle to the magnet, she came to me, and laid her sweet hand in mine.

Such simple confidence was almost sublime; but I had no thought of its sublimity in my delight of its beauty and thrilling joy. The air of the cell seemed to tingle, and I think I was beside myself; but truly I believe it, in soberness and reason, that at the first moment when our fingers touched in the dark prison a new sense came to Naomi—a sixth sense, the sense of love; though more of this I must not say, for no man may exalt his pride.

"Then come," I whispered. My love knitted her little fingers in my palm, I covered her with a blanket, and we passed out of the place.

The banquet was now at its height, and while hastening down dark corridors, where we were apt to fall, for we had no light to see by, and coming into the garden that led to the gate, we heard the ripple and crackle of laughter from the great hall where Benaboo and his servile rascals feasted together. We reached the quiet alley outside the Kasba (for the negro was gone from his post) and drew a long breath and thanked Heaven that this much was over. There had been no group of beggars at the gate, and the streets around it were deserted, but in the distance, far across the town in the direction of the Bab el Marsa, the gate that goes out to Marteel, came a low hum as of vast droves of sheep. The Spaniard was coming, and the townsmen were going out to meet him. Casual passers-by challenged us, and though I knew that, even if recognised, we had nothing to fear from the people, yet more than once my voice trembled as I answered, and sometimes with a feeling of dread I turned my head to see if no one was following.

On the heath outside the Bab Toot we found Ali keeping anxious watch. He was overjoyed at seeing us; but his next emotion was his hate of Benaboo.

"Where is the key of the Kasba?" he whispered.

I had forgotten all about it; I must have dropped it in the prison; I had not even remembered to lock the gate.

"Never mind," said Ali, "you've done well, Sidi—I'll see to the rest. Good-night! God bless you! My love to my father! Farewell!"

Travelling through the night—Naomi laughing and singing snatches in her newfound joy, and I myself looking back at intervals with a feeling of dread at the huge outline of Tetuan against the blackness of the sky—we came to the hut by Samsa before dawn of the following day. But we had come too late. Israel ben Olliel was not, after all, to set out for England. He was going on a longer journey. His lonely hour had come to him, his dark hour wherein none could bear him company. On a mattress by the wall, he lay outstretched, unconscious and near to his end. Two neighbours from the village were with him, and but for these he must have been alone—the mighty man in his downfall deserted by all save the great Judge and God.

What Naomi did when the first shock of this hard blow fell upon her, what she said, and how she bore herself, I cannot suffer myself to tell. Oh, the irony of fate! Oh, the irony of God! I may be a man of little soul, but that scene, and what followed it, looked to me like a cruel and colossal jest—none the less cruel because long drawn out and as old as the days of Job. Yet, no; what am I that I should shriek against the Almighty Majesty but a grasshopper buzzing at the sky? Let me prostrate myself before it, for it is justice and truth.

It was useless to go out in search of a doctor. The country was as innocent of leechcraft as the land of Canaan in the days of Abraham. We were in God's hands. All we could do was to submit, absolutely and unconditionally.

The light was coming yellow and pink through the window under the eaves as Israel ben Olliel awoke to consciousness. He opened his eyes as if from sleep, and saw Naomi beside him. No surprise did he betray at this, and neither did he at first show pleasure. Dimly and softly he looked upon her, and then something that might have been a smile but for lack of strength passed like sunshine out of a cloud across his wasted face. Naomi pressed a pillow under his loins, and another under his head, thinking to ease the one and raise the other, but the iron hand of unconsciousness fell upon him again, and through many hours thereafter we sat together and shuddered in silence with the multitudinous company of invisible things.

During that interval Fatima came in hot haste, and we had news of Tetuan. The Spaniards had taken the town, but Abderrahman and most of his Ministers had escaped. Benaboo had tried to follow them, but he had been killed while dressing for flight in the alcove of the patio. Ali had killed him. He had rushed in upon him through a line of his guards. One of the guards had killed Ali. The brave black lad had fallen with the name of Israel on his lips and with a dauntless shout of triumph. Mohammed of Mequinez had come with his vast fellowship, and they were locking the sanctuaries. The Kasba was afire; it had been burning since the banquet of the night before.

Towards sunset peace fell upon Israel ben Olliel, and we knew that the end was very near. Naomi was still kneeling at his right hand, and I myself was crouching at his left. He

looked at her with a world of tenderness, though the hard grip of death was fast stiffening his noble face. More than once he glanced at me also as if he wished to say something, and yet could not do so, because the power of life was low; but at last his voice found strength.

"I have left it too late," he said. "I cannot go to England."

My darling wept more than ever at the sound of these faltering words, and I confess that it was not without effort that I answered him.

"Think no more of that," I said, and then I stopped, being afraid to speak the word that halted on my tongue.

"I love her so," he said again; "it is hard to leave her."

And not being master of myself at that moment, but touched by Naomi's tears as well as by her father's dying, I misunderstood his meaning, and answered him out of my hot heart in my own blind way: "And I love her as well," I said, "and if you cannot take her to England I will do so."

My love looked up at me then with such a light in her sweet eyes as I have often since, but had never before, seen

whispered in my farther ear that a vast concourse of Moors and Jews, with the young Mohammed Mahdi at their head, were even then coming out to bury Israel, thinking he was dead.

Israel heard him and smiled. "I think he laughed a little also. 'It will soon be true,' he muttered under his breath, that came so quick. And hardly had he spoken when a low, deep sound came from the distance. It was the funeral wail of Israel ben Olliel.

Nearer and nearer it came, and clearer and more clear. First a mighty bass voice, "Allah ho Akbar!" Again another and another voice: "Allah ho Akbar!" and then the long roar of a vast multitude: "Al—l—lah ho Ak—bar!" Finally, a slow melancholy wail, rising and falling on the darkening air: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God."

It was a solemn sound—nay, an awful one, with the man himself alive to hear it.

O gratitude that is only a death-song! O fame that is only a funeral!

Israel listened and smiled again. "Ah, 'God is great'!" he whispered, "'God is great'!"

To ease my labouring chest a moment, I rose and stepped to the door, and then in the distance I could descry the procession approaching—a moving black shadow against the sky. Also, over their billowy heads I could see a red glow far away in the clouds. It was the last smouldering of the fire of the modern Sodom.

While I stood there I was startled by the sound of a thick voice behind me. It was Israel's voice. He was speaking to Naomi. "Yes," he was saying, "it is hard to part. We were going to be very happy. . . . But you must not cry. Listen! When I am there—eh? you know, there—I will want to say, 'Father, You did well to hear my prayer. My little daughter—she is happy, she is merry, and her soul is all sunshine.' So you must not weep. Never, never, never! Remember! . . . Ah! that's right, that's right. My simple-hearted darling! My sunny, merry, happy girl!"

Naomi was trying to laugh in obedience to her father's will. As soon as I could trust myself I looked back at them. She was combing his white beard with her fingers—it was knotted and tangled—and he was labouring hard to speak again. "Hark! They are coming. Keep close," he muttered.

He fumbled and tugged with one hand at the breast of his kaftan. I thought his throat wanted air, but Naomi, with the instinct of help that a woman has in scenes like these, understood him better. In the disarray of his senses this was his way of trying to raise himself that he might listen the easier to the song outside. My love slid her arm under his neck, and then his shrunken hand was at rest. "Ah! closer. 'God is great'!" he murmured again. "'God— is—great'!"

With that word on his lips he smiled and sighed, and sank back.

When I returned to my place at Israel's feet, he seemed to have been feeling for my hand. Taking it now, he brought it to his breast, where my love's hand lay under his own poor trembling one. With that last effort, and a look into Naomi's face that must have pursued him home, his grand eyes closed for ever.

In the silence that followed after the departing spirit the deep swell of the funeral wail came rolling heavily on the night air: "Allah ho Akbar!—Al—lah ho Ak—bar!"

In a few minutes more the procession of the people of Tetuan who had come out to bury Israel ben Olliel had arrived at the hut, and Mohammed of Mequinez was standing over him.

"He has gone," said the Mahdi, looking down; and then, lifting his eyes towards heaven, he added, "TO THE KING!"

THE END.

Canonbury House, North London, the historic residence of the Comptons, has been presented by the Marquis of Northampton to the parish of St. Stephen's, Canonbury, as a vicarage.

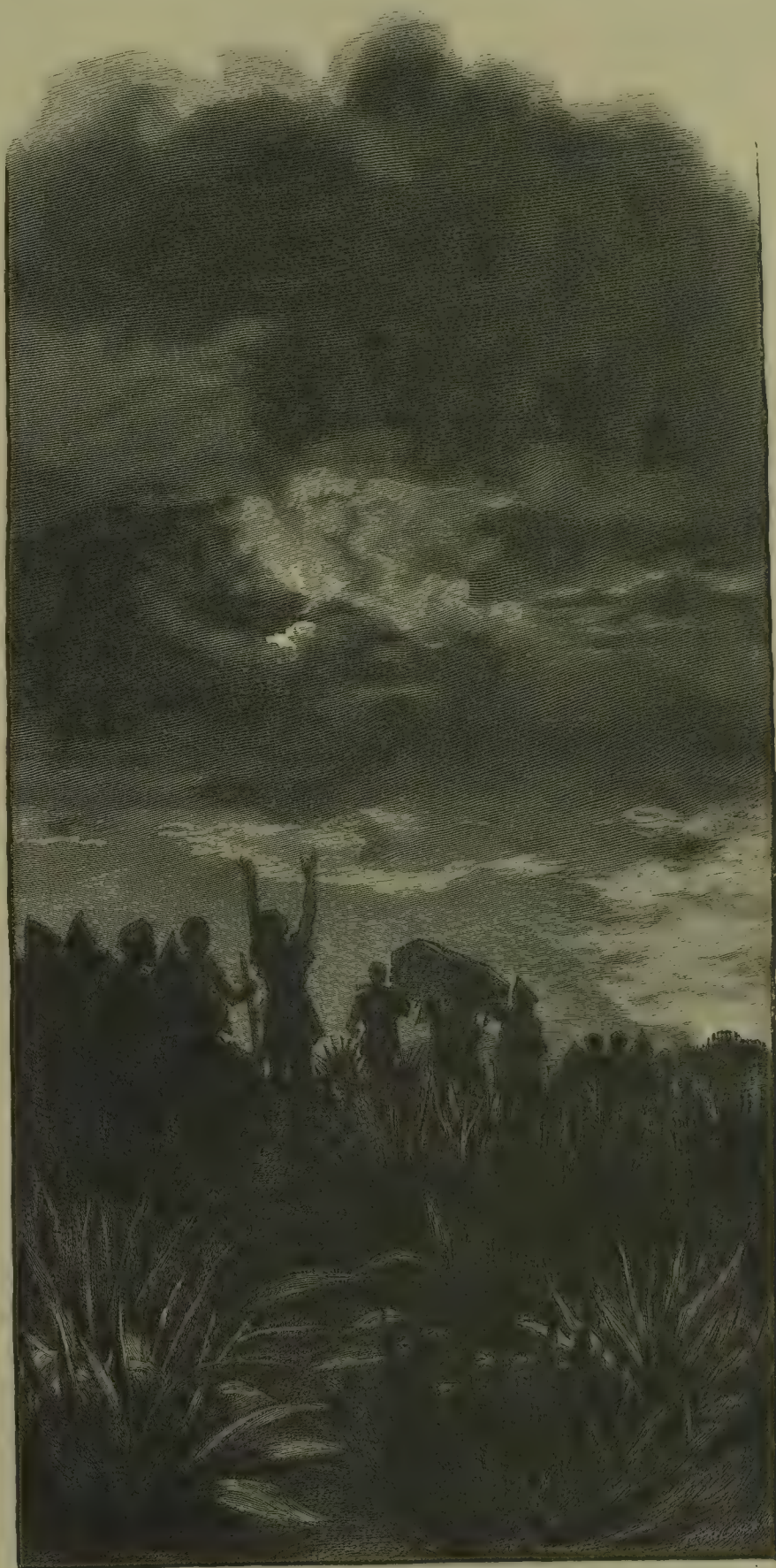
Mr. and Mrs. Augustin Daly and Miss Ada Rehan were guests a few days in September at Aldworth, Lord Tennyson's estate in Surrey. During their stay the Poet Laureate read to them a new comedy which he has just completed, designed for stage representation at Daly's New York theatre, and not to be published until after Mr. Daly's company acts it. The leading female part is intended for Miss Rehan, whose Shaksperian personations have enthusiastic admirers in the poet's family. Mr. Daly has purchased the exclusive rights to the play for England and America.

The International Shorthand Congress, attended by about four hundred members, assembled in Berlin on Sept. 26, when the German Minister of Finance and numerous foreign visitors, with many members of the municipality, were present as guests of honour. Dr. Blenck, chief of the Prussian Statistical Office, welcomed the congress, in the name of the committee, to the German capital, and stated that the Emperor William had commanded him to express his Majesty's interest in shorthand.

The centenary of the birthday of Theodor Körner, the poet-soldier, hero of the War of Liberation of 1813, was kept as a festival in Germany. In all the Berlin schools the last hour of work was devoted to an address on Körner by one of the masters. The tragedy of "Zriny" was given at the Wurt Theatre; at the Berliner Theatre, Herr Ludwig Barnay recited a prologue in honour of the occasion. In Saxony, Körner's native country, intense enthusiasm has been displayed, especially in Dresden, the city of his birth.

NEW STORY BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Next week we shall publish the first instalment of "COME, LIVE WITH ME, AND BE MY LOVE," an English Pastoral, by ROBERT BUCHANAN, Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.



In the distance I could descry the procession approaching.

there, and Israel ben Olliel, who had been holding at my hand, clutched suddenly at my wrist. "God bless you!" he said, as well as he could for the two angels, the angel of love and the angel of death, that were struggling at his throat.

He looked at me steadily for a moment more, and never, while life is left to me, shall I forget the scrutiny of those dying eyes. The tongue was silent, but no words ever spoke so plainly. It was heart to heart in that solemn hour of our parting, and well I knew its message. "I am leaving her to you," it seemed to say, "and you will be good to her, for you are a true man and you love her. As long as you live you will cherish her. Never was she so dear to me as now, so lovable, so gentle. Guard her as the apple of your eye. It will reward you. And let her think of me sometimes—only sometimes. Ah, how nearly I shipwrecked all this! Remember! Remember!"

The sun had set and the swift twilight was passing into night when another messenger arrived from Tetuan. It was Ali's old tale, shedding tears for his boy, but boasting loudly of his brave death. He came with the idea that Israel also was gone, for a rumour to that effect had passed through the town. "El hamdu l'illah!" he cried, when he saw that Israel was still alive. Then he remembered something, and

TOWN AND COUNTRY DWELLINGS.

BY DR. JESSOPP.

People are working themselves into a great state of excitement this season because they have been told that the population of the rural districts is steadily diminishing. If the fact be so, more questions than one present themselves for answer.

First and foremost comes the question whether the fact is to be deplored? The population of the "City" of London has very greatly diminished during the present century. The population of the centre of Liverpool seems to be on the decline. The population of many a village in Essex is apparently considerably less than it was twenty years ago. The reason for the fact in each of these cases is different; but the chief reason in all these instances is in the main pretty much the same: the population has shifted because it has been attracted elsewhere. There was a time when Soho Square was quite an aristocratic quarter, and when representatives of the Upper Ten rejoiced in the quiet purlieus of Red Lion Square and other nooks of Bloomsbury. I have heard a near relative of mine say that some ninety years ago he took his young bride to a house in Chancery Lane, for which he paid the then enormous rent of £200 a year. What rising professional man keeps up an establishment now in Chancery Lane, or would dream of doing so?

Again, I am told that the large house-agents in London give the average tenure of houses even in the more favoured neighbourhoods, at something less than three years. Domestic life in England from end to end seems to be losing its permanent character. We are all becoming nomadic in our habits. A man who lives and brings up his family and dies in the same house where he began his youth is as rare a creature as a golden butterfly. Why are we making all this fuss about the villagers following the lead of the townsfolk and deserting the homes of their childhood and seeking their fortunes elsewhere than in the country lanes and hamlets? Why should they not? Mr. Gigadibs, nevertheless, is very angry, and assures us with vehemence that somebody is to blame, and that a great wrong is being wrought to somebody else, and that something must be done—it matters very little what is done, provided it is something. That is Mr. Gigadibs' view.

Some ten years ago I was sauntering along in an out-of-the-way corner of my parish, when I came upon a forbidding-looking Christian demolishing a pair of cottages which had stood for, say, a hundred years in a desolate nook, half a mile or so off the high-road. I slowly advanced upon the man, who scowled, spake not, and went on with his work, though he addressed some extremely rough words to his horse, which I could not but suspect were meant for me. "Are you going to repair these houses, friend?" quoth I. "No; I ain't! I'm a-pulling of 'em down. I suppose that ain't no affair of yourn?" I gave him a civil answer, in the hope of turning away his wrath; and I was more than usually bland and courteous. By-and-bye it turned out that my surly friend had looked upon me as a common informer sent to spy out his evil ways, and that he meant to let me have a piece of his mind. The two hovels were his and were not his—that is, they had been built upon a strip of copyhold land, and my friend was of opinion that the lord of the manor might any day come down upon him and make him build up those two hovels or confiscate his little estate in default of his doing so, and that I had come peeping and prying with the desire to expose his nefarious practices. I more than half convinced him that I quite agreed with him in believing that this was no affair of mine, as he had told me at starting, and that if he kept his secret as well as I should he would be a wiser man than most men are when they are angry. But why had he pulled these houses down? What was he going to do with the materials? As to the materials, they consisted of mud walls, which he should spread upon the land, and of some few oak beams which he should sell as gate-posts, and some boards which would "come in handy," and some other stuff which would do for firewood. But why pull them down at all? Why not let them? This roused his wrath again. "Now, look here, master! Would you like to live in a house like that?" I confessed I should not, but other people might,

and houses were scarce. "No one won't live in them houses now, and that's all about it. They're off the road. Folks say as they're lonesome and [with a sardonic grin] there's no more hares to snare now and no fish in the river—and who's a-going to live here? I ain't had no rent to speak of for three years and more. So you may go and tell who you like. I ain't a-going to keep them houses up no more. There's for you!"

Now, there had been a time when these houses—to speak of them in that flattering way in which the custom of the country has agreed to speak of such tenements—had served as the residences of two families, who doubtless were not much better and not much worse than their neighbours. In those days the agricultural labourer was less exacting than now. He had a social evening at the public-house, where he might spend some twenty hours out of the twenty-four if he liked. In those days, too, he might prowl about the fields or roads without

or their wives run up to London, as they do sometimes, and find out their kith and kin established in the East-End or elsewhere in the suburbs—they come back very often with something like horror in their hearts. "Why, lor, Sir," one said to me the other day. "I shouldn't like that sort of living. Seven on 'em in one room up four pairs of stairs and not a shud [shed] to put the taters in!" Mrs. Hubbard could hardly conceive the notion of having no "taters" to put in the *shud*. She was so little used to mere emptiness that her first thought was "Where is the place where I should bestow my goods?" The lowliest house in our villages is almost always as full as it can hold. I do not mean that when boys and girls marry among the labourers they are always *set up* as they ought to be. Of course there are the improvident and the feckless, and here and there there is a lazy, drunken scamp, as there is in every grade of society and in every district. But take the general run of agricultural labourers' houses in Norfolk, and nothing surprises the visitor so much as the amount of furniture and ornaments and simple luxuries they contain. Last year I spent a day at St. Helens inspecting the great glass-works, for which the place is famous. I walked down one long street in that dreadful town, peeping into the houses of the "operatives" as I passed along. I must have looked into at least a hundred houses in less than an hour. Talk of the dwellings in our East Anglian villages as deserving of denunciation! Why, our peasantry live in palaces as compared with these squalid hideous hovels. Our best peasants' dwellings are gorgeous mansions compared with any labourers' dwellings that you wot of, with all your bragging of the millions spent in the towns in "improving the dwellings of the poor!"

Do you cry out upon me that this is my Palinode, because I have lifted up my voice pretty loudly against the lack of fit and decent dwellings in our villages? It is no Palinode at all. If I have said that the labourers' dwellings in the country are not what they ought to be—I say so still; but I say so because here by the breezy heath, or along the quiet roadside, or under the shadow of the church-tower, or by the fragrant hedgerow, we might so easily turn the desert into a Garden of Eden, and so easily make the peasant's dwelling a smiling tempting home. But you who send down your Peeping Toms to spy into the nakedness of the land, why don't you look at home before you start on a voyage of discovery? Have you the effrontery to insinuate that our people are irresistibly tempted to come to the fogs and the smoke and the mud and the vice and the drink of your overgrown, sweltering, noisy, restless town existence by the allurements of your picturesque abodes, replete with every comfort which space and air and all the loveliness of urban architecture supply?

Why, my excellent Mr. Gigadibs, if our countrymen come to the towns, they come not because of the temptations you can offer in the shape of houses, but in spite of the ugliness and the stuffiness and the pigging and the crowding, which is ten times worse among you than we "on the land" have any experience of; and is, indeed, so much worse than our people

know of that they can never be brought to believe how bad it is till they have tried, and then, alas! the knowledge comes too late.

ENGLISH TOURISTS IN A TURKISH BAZAAR.

The scene—rather startling by its mixture of English with Eastern figures—which one of our Artists has sketched took place in the bazaar or shopping quarter of Broussa, when many passengers from the steam-yacht Victoria, on her pleasure-cruise up the Mediterranean to the Levant, having landed at Mudania, went up to visit that interesting ancient city. Broussa, in Asia Minor, on the slope of the Bithynian Mount Olympus, seventy miles east of Constantinople, is famous in history from Græco-Roman times, and became, after the Turkish conquest, A.D. 1327, the residence of the first Sultans of the Ottoman Empire, whose tombs and the mosques they built here are far grander than any Turkish building erected in European Turkey. The town has now about 40,000 inhabitants, with numerous silk and cotton factories. European visitors were amused by the aspect and customs of the bazaar.



A PAIR OF NUTCRACKERS.

any fear of being watched by a policeman; he might tickle the trout in the stream, set his snares for the hares, and be pretty sure of getting at least one good dinner a week as the reward of his skilled labour; and he went to his work at dawn, and he left it in the gloaming. All this kind of thing has passed away, and the agricultural labourer now feels that two things are absolute necessities in the altered conditions of his life: he wants a home, and he wants society. A home means a house where he can live in decent comfort such as he is able and prepared to pay for. And society—well! we'll come to that by-and-bye.

But how if we compare the dwellings of the town labourer with those of the countryman? Who that knows anything about the matter will for one moment doubt that the latter, as a rule, are incomparably superior to, and incomparably cheaper than, the "homes" of the former? In our country villages in East Anglia it may safely be said that the house rent very rarely rises to sixpence a week *per room*. Moreover, to this must be added, almost invariably, some sort of an out-house, something in the shape of a garden, and free access to a well at no great distance. When our middle-aged labourers

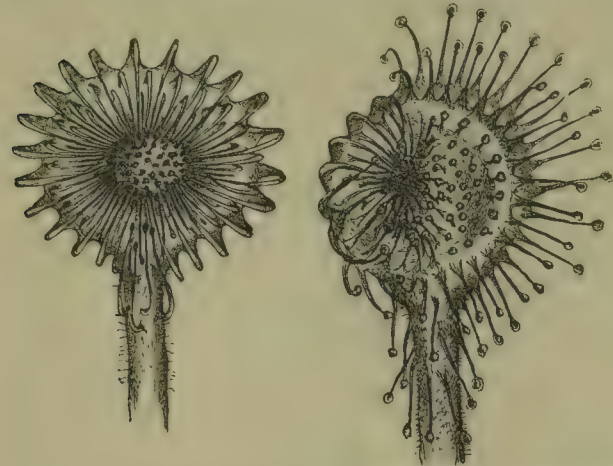


AN ENGLISH INVASION OF TURKEY: THE BAZAAR AT BROUSSA.

INSECT-EATING PLANTS.

It is now many years since a remarkable association between certain plants and insects was noted by botanists. I do not allude to that most fascinating study, the fertilisation of flowers by insect-agency. I have in my mind's eye the curious habit, possessed by some plants, of feeding upon insects. In thus demanding an organic (or living) element in their *menu*, such plants are really imitating animals. For, as most folks know, ordinary green plants (excluding mushrooms and all colourless and lower members of the vegetable kingdom) live on inorganic or non-living food. They demand water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and ammonia, as the staple constituents of their dietary; and these items are all derived from the non-living or inorganic world. Now, the mushrooms and their like have a need of organic or living matter, which they obtain in a state of decay, and as they do not possess green colour, they cannot take in carbonic acid gas and split it up into its component carbon and oxygen, and retain the carbon for food as do the green plants. Contrariwise, the non-green plants inhale oxygen like animals, and give out carbonic acid gas. These are rough but correct distinctions between green plants and their non-green neighbours; yet, as elsewhere in life's actions, we do not find it possible to draw any hard and fast lines of distinction on such grounds alone between higher and lower members of the plant creation. For many green plants evince a necessity, already noted, for an organic diet, in part at least. Some, like mistletoe and dodder, parasites on other vegetables, suck up the sap their hosts are elaborating for themselves. Others, again, lay traps for insects, and not only capture the animals,

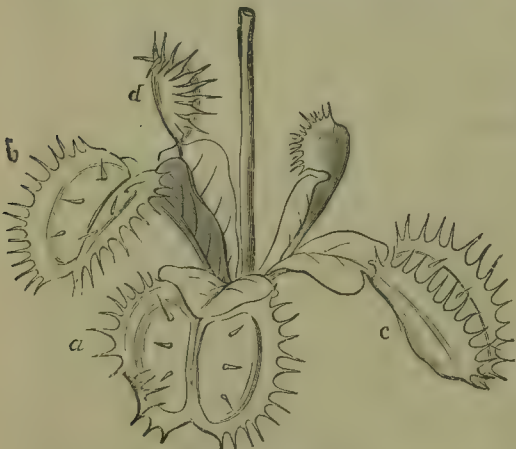
but eat and, what is more, digest them by a process quite nearly akin to that whereby our own stomachs play a part in digesting our food. It is this latter class of plants to which I desire specially to call attention, on account of the recent exhibition of specimens at the fortnightly committee meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in London. We have been fortunate in securing illustrations of some of the most typical kinds of insect-eating plants, through the kindness of Mr. John Murray, who has lent us cuts from Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants"; of Dr. Maxwell T. Masters, of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, who has furnished an illustration of the pitcher-plants; and of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, who have supplied us with an illustration of the Venus' flytrap.



Leaf of the Sundew, showing (on the right) the sensitive tentacles bending over a piece of meat. On the left the tentacles are completely inflected over the object.—(From Darwin's "Insectivorous Plants.")

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It may be well to "begin at home" with the sundew (*Drosera*), of which not a few species exist within the confines of Britain. Looking at a sundew-leaf, we see that it is studded over with tentacles or hair-like bodies, at the tips of which we see clear drops of a gummy secretion. These tentacles are highly sensitive; nay, more, they possess discriminating powers and faculties, as we shall see. When a fly alights on the sundew's leaf it becomes entangled in the viscid secretion, the tentacles bend over it so as to fix it to the leaf, and it perishes, thus captured as a victim by the plant. If we place a small piece of meat or other digestible object on the leaf, it will behave as with the fly (as shown in Mr. Darwin's illustrations), whereas, if anything indigestible, such as a piece of glass, is offered to the leaf, the tentacles refuse to acknowledge its worth as an article of food. How this selective instinct has arisen, who can tell?

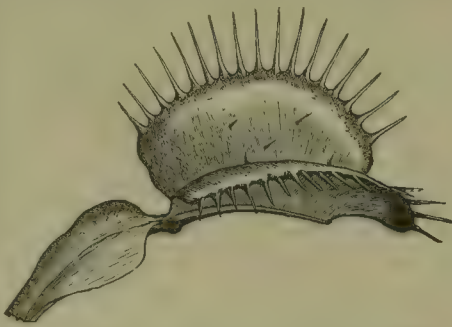


Dionaea muscipula, the Venus Fly-trap, showing leaves open (a), closing (b and c), and closed (d).

The problem of plant-sensation, as related to animal instinct, becomes more and more complicated when we have to consider this apparent choosing of food-substances by our plants. The fly seized by the sundew is truly digested. There is poured out upon it a digestive fluid, containing a principle allied to the pepsin of animal gastric juice, and whatever is soluble in this fluid is duly digested, and thereafter absorbed to feed the tissues of the plant. What is indigestible is blown off the leaf when the tentacles re-erect themselves, ready for a fresh seizure of prey.

More extraordinary, perhaps, is the case of the *Dionaea*, or Venus' fly-trap, a plant native to the North American marshes. Mrs. M. Treat, of New Jersey, studied these plants carefully, and, as if further to assimilate plant to animal life, assures

us that when the leaves were overburdened with flies they became ill, as if suffering from overfeeding and indigestion, and sometimes died. In the Venus' fly-trap, as shown in our figures, the leaf has a broad stalk, and its blade is divided into halves. On the surface of each half are three sensitive hairs. When an insect touches a hair, the leaf closes upon it, the fringed edge of the one half interlocking with the fringe of the other half, so as to secure the prey. Mr. Darwin pointed out that if an insect were too small to be worth digesting it might escape between the fringes before the leaf had firmly closed; whereas a big insect, in its struggles to escape, would only irritate the sensitive hairs the more, and thus bring down its fate more directly and quickly on its head. Enclosed in the leaf, which thus converts itself into a temporary stomach, the same process of actual digestion goes on. The insect is dissolved, and its substance absorbed by the plant. Like the sundew, the Venus' fly-trap has leaves and roots of its own, and both can therefore feed themselves, as do other and ordinary plants. Yet that they have developed a decided habit of insect-feeding, which has become part and parcel of their nature, is clear, since they do not flourish naturally or completely when insect-food is denied them.



Leaf of the Venus' Fly-trap in the act of closing: showing the sensitive hairs.—(From Darwin.)



Darlingtonia Californica, one of the Sarracenias or Pitcher Plants: showing the pitcher-like leaves.

link or likeness betwixt higher animal and plant life? For if the Venus' fly-trap and sundew eat their food in a fresh state, it is clear that the pitcher-plants (like human beings who are fond of game) seem to prefer their food somewhat "high."

I have no space wherein to refer to the butterwort and bladderwort of our marshes and streams, which capture insects, the latter even going the length of enclosing minnows in its "bladders," which are like eel-traps, and which, while permitting the easy access of prey, prevent its escape. These are mere outlines of a very big subject, only they may serve to stimulate thought and observations of that outward Nature which responds warmly to all our inquiries, and which, as Wordsworth has it, "never did betray the heart that loved her."

ANDREW WILSON.

HINDS AND STAGS.

Not so very long ago every second house which one entered was decorated with more or less worthless engravings of "The Stag at Bay" or "The Wounded Stag." A few years before Landseer was popularising (and, as many thought, immortalising) the stag and the staghound, Sir Walter Scott gave to the world his "Lady of the Lake," and the description of the stag-hunt on the heights of Uam-Var was on everybody's lips. The engravings are fast disappearing, leaving us puzzled to know where they have found a resting-place. Whatever may be the case with his novels, we are certainly not now under the spell of the poetry of the Wizard of the North. Less artistic causes, however, keep the deer in evidence with the present generation. It has become fashionable to go North. It seems to be forgotten how few in numbers, comparatively, are the deer which are stalked—every pair of antlers in the hall has not necessarily been taken by the owner of the house, and all the world professes to have friends in the forests and to be anxious to hear of their success. What all the world desires, the society journals exist to provide; and so the "head" of deer are announced with even greater pomp than the bags of grouse and partridges, and the death of an "imperial" is chronicled side by side with that of a statesman or a Waterloo hero. Deer, too, have become a question of practical politics, as the Highland Land League are never weary of reminding us.

There are in Scotland somewhere between one hundred and one hundred and forty deer forests, and they cover an area of nearly two million acres. The annual rental of these forests is £400,000; and the yield of stags is, approximately, 4500. Deer-stalking is, therefore, a great industry, and the habits of hinds and stags are worthy of more attention than they generally receive.

The glory of the stag is, of course, his antlers. These mark his age and his healthiness. They constitute, as well, his value, for there are few sportsmen who find a market for their venison instead of giving it to the crofting families around their shootings. It is heads, not haunches, that deer-stalkers desire. When the stag reaches two years of age he develops a horn, just as the hobbledohoy, when he reaches maturity, cultivates a moustache. In the first year, his horn is some six inches long. But stags shed their horns each year. The new ones which grow each spring from the porous bases are larger than those of the preceding season. The spike forms a tine; in time the stag can boast of antlers; and at its prime—that is, at twelve years of age, the antlers have from ten to twelve points. If they reach to fourteen points the stag is known as an "imperial." After the stag has reached its full maturity the growth of the antlers begins to decrease.

The sprouting of the horns is remarkable for its rapidity. Beginning in May, the process is completed in August. The small veins which have nourished the growth dry up; the bone is set. It is then that the stags shed their "velvet," as the covering of skin is termed. The drying up of the veins is followed by a severe irritation, and the deer, in desperation, rub their antlers against the branches in the forest until the last shred of the "velvet" has been removed. When the antlers are themselves cast the stags seem ill at ease and retire into lonely spots until the new ones grow.

We have said that the antlers are a sign of the vigour of the stags. When there is overcrowding and a scarcity of food and of cover during severe weather, the development of the antlers is less complete. So, too, when a stag has been badly wounded an irregularity in the antlers often follows. Sometimes the malformation occurs at the opposite side of the body from the wound. A stag which had its left foreleg broken has been observed to grow an ill-shaped horn on the right.

It has often been remarked that although stags cast their antlers annually very few shed ones are picked up. There is a tradition that stags bury their antlers. There is no justification for this belief; but, no doubt, they trample them deep into the moss when they are breaking and gnawing them. It is a well-known fact that stags eat their horns; and it is worth noting, by the way, that the growing horns of the wapiti of America and of the sambar of India make, when dished with a sauce, an excellent stew.

Although it is the stags which the hunters go out to seek, it is very often the hinds which they have to contend with. When the stags are grazing, the hinds act as sentinels, and watchful sentinels they are. Deer have the gift of scenting a man if he comes within a distance of 1000 yards, and they can scent footsteps which are half a day old. They instinctively travel with their nose to the wind, and it is absolutely necessary, when stalking them, to keep to leeward. As often as not, however, the deer are found in corries where the wind swirls, and then it is extremely difficult to get within range of them. As soon as danger is scented the hinds make off, always keeping upwards, if possible. The stags follow, apparently confident that the hinds will lead them aright. When hemmed in, the hinds sometimes waver at sight of an enemy in front, and in these circumstances the stags have been known to press the hinds forward, having evidently determined that the guns which they were facing were less dangerous than those in rear. A certain proportion of hinds are shot each year, but that is done at the end of the season, and generally by the foresters. If, as is often the case, the ground is covered with snow, the difficulties of approaching the deer are generally increased, and even when the hunters are within range they have to single out, if possible, hinds which are not nursing calves.

The glories of a deer-stalk have often been described, and nowhere better than in an article in the September *Blackwood*, entitled "A Black Stag in Monar." Stalking cannot compare, indeed, with the old-fashioned hunt with dogs, which can still be enjoyed on Exmoor. That form of the sport is not possible in Scotland, however, for the result would be to drive the deer from the forest. There they must be followed on hands and knees, over rocks and through streams and marshes, and the hunter—

Crawling up through burn and bracken, must have the patience of Job if he would succeed.

LITERATURE.

THE POETS OF THE CENTURY.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

What position in life is so much to be envied as that of Hodge, the harvestman, as he returns from the field, stretched a-top of the loaded wain, the reins held lightly in his hand, the golden-sheaves swaying gently beneath him as he lies along; the gathered reward of labour safe for the barn; while the harvest-moon reddens beyond the silent breadths of stubble? Kings may be blest, but Hodge's throne is more glorious. Some such good eminence has been made for himself by Mr. Alfred Miles, who now, as the century draws towards its close, is piling its harvest treasures of poetry in ten goodly wains, of which a first and a second pair have already started on their way.* The ten volumes of "The Poets and Poetry of the Century" are intended to form an encyclopædia of English poetry from Crabbe to—whom?—some youth, perhaps, still nameless and fameless, who shall have donned his singing-rob before the last sheet of the latest of the perfect number of volumes is printed—

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

As far as we can judge from the volumes that have appeared, the encyclopædia is likely to prove an excellent handbook of reference and guide to the poetical literature of a hundred years which have been most opulent in the riches of verse. Some unlucky errata have, it is true, been noted by the reviewers, and Mr. Miles tempted Providence at the outset by speaking over-confidently of the accuracy of his text. But let the editor who has seen over two thousand pages through the press, and has never overlooked a misprint—let that immaculate one cast the first stone. A margin of error is inevitable in human work; and no one suffers from an oversight as much as the scrupulous editor. Mr. Miles, again, rightly wished that the critical notices prefixed to the selections should be written with sympathy; and some of his contributors have spoken of their contemporaries without balance, or even with intemperate admiration. It is a fault, and the chief wrong is that done to the unhappy minor poet whose name is advertised, as probably he never desired, in foot-long capital letters. But in a great miscellany such as this the due adjustments can be quickly made. The altitudes of Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron are constantly present, and help to reduce to their true dimensions those other towering heights named Brown and Jones and Robinson. And it must be said that in not a few instances the critical notices of poets who cannot be called great have been written with excellent judgment by experts possessed of special knowledge. In an encyclopædia, from one point of view, the small articles are of more importance than the large: if we want information about Wordsworth or Shelley we can find it in a dozen places; but if we want to know all that need be known about Thomas Wade or C. J. Wells, we shall find it difficult to discover elsewhere anything at once so succinct and so complete as the articles by Mr. Buxton Forman in one of the present volumes. The selections from rare issues by minor writers are of special interest. And Mr. Miles has aimed at making his selections in each case sufficiently copious to be representative. It is one of the delights of an anthology that we can buzz from flower to flower; but a good honey-bee does not merely alight for a moment; he chooses to hide himself now and again in the deep corolla of lily and bell-blossom, and to lade his bag with sweets gathered in these far-withdrawn and perfumed chambers. The bees who visit Mr. Miles's garden can enjoy a like luxurious quest and blissful toil.

Poets, the editor calls them, of the century; but in the history of literature the boundaries are not marked by these formal centennial milestones. An epoch may end to-day, an epoch may be opened to-morrow; and it is certainly unfortunate that Mr. Miles dates his century from 1801, for the poetical epoch began nearly twenty years earlier. Crabbe, indeed, is included, because he lived and wrote after 1800 as well as before that date; but Cowper and Burns are excluded, and yet Cowper and Burns belong essentially to one and the same literary movement with Crabbe. We can see how serious an error it would be to treat of the dramatic movement to which Shakspeare belonged as if it dated from 1600, and so to exclude Marlowe and Greene. It is no less an error to omit Cowper and Burns from the movement which produced its most remarkable manifestations soon after the death of the earlier born of the two. Mr. Miles has chosen a false starting-point. There is, of course, no absolute breach of continuity anywhere in the history of literature. In Gray, in Chatterton, we find more than foreshadowings of the new literature. But we may fairly speak of the years from Johnson's death to the death of Scott as constituting a true literary epoch. Crabbe's poem, "The Village" (1783), in which he found, for the first time, his true province, was touched by Johnson, who died in the following year. There is something of the new spirit in Cowper's first independent volume of verse, which appeared in 1782. But the death of Johnson will serve sufficiently well to mark the new departure. It is a vulgar error to suppose that we owe our nineteenth-century outburst of poetry to the influence of the French Revolution. The passionate events in France, indeed, quickened the blood of youthful poets, and made them hope ardently for mankind. But the new poetical movement was in active progress before the new Year One of Revolution. The Kilmarnock volume by Burns was published in 1786. At the same time, if we understand by the Revolution not merely the political cataclysm in Paris, but the movement of ideas and the wave of emotion which led up to it, we shall find the spirit of revolution present not only in the fervid heart of Burns but even in Cowper's gentler spirit, which was distinctly touched by the Rousseauish sentiment prevalent at the time. I regret, then, that Mr. Miles has not chosen 1780 or 1784 as his starting-point, and I regret also that he has dealt with writers, with scarcely an exception, in the exact order of birth. The publication of his first original work determines an author's position in the history of literature with more precision than does the year in which he himself entered this breathing world. Some minds have to harden like an oak-tree before they will bear fruit; others run quickly to flower, and perhaps to seed. George Eliot was born only eight years after Charles Dickens. But the interval between the two writers is far more than the interval between the births of the two. "Sketches by Boz" was published 1834-6; "Scenes of Clerical Life" did not appear until 1858. There is almost a generation between the books, although the author of "Sketches by Boz" was hardly out of petticoats when the author of "Scenes of Clerical Life" was in her cradle. In literary history the word

"*floruit*" is a far more important word than "*natus est*." In Mr. Miles's collection George Eliot as a poet will precede Matthew Arnold; yet "The Strayed Reveller" was published twenty years before "The Spanish Gipsy," in which the Darwinian insistence on heredity marks a later moment of thought. These are not pedantic objections to the arrangement adopted in these excellent volumes. The true current of literary thought and feeling is obscured by the adherence—a pedantic adherence—to the chronological sequence of births which are not spiritual but merely physical.

PICTURESQUE BRITTANY.

This is the last of the many delightful volumes which we owe at once to the pictorial and literary art of M. Robida. It forms a fine companion volume to the similar treatment of Normandy in the *Librairie Illustrée*. As Normandy and Brittany go so often together in tourist experiences, the two volumes may be read and seen together as illustrations of Old France—Old France, which stands out so far more strikingly from its modern accretions than Old England. A journey through Normandy and Brittany will give even the most cursory traveller an insight into the life which has left such an infinite number of memorials, from the ancient cromlech to the magnificent cathedral churches such as one sees in Caen, fairly bursting with a certain flowerlike beauty of decoration in the flamboyant style for which our graver styles can afford no parallel, the highly ornamental *calvaires*, the magnificent castle-towers with their quaint-pointed turrets, and, above all, such a wondrous combination of mediæval city, fortress, monastery, and church, such as one sees in Mont St. Michel. It is doubtful, indeed, whether any other country outside Italy possesses such a variety of intellectual and natural interests as Brittany. The scenery is as varied as its archaeological remains. The soft pastoral beauty of the country-side in Ille-et-Vilaine is matched by the stern grandeur of Morbihan, where the country suddenly dips into a rugged and frowning line of coast. M. Robida's book is mainly devoted to the old Brittany towns and the archaeological remains. Their natural surroundings are only lightly touched. The work is admirable.



ENTRANCE TO TREGUIER.
From "La Vieille France: Bretagne."

and as M. Robida is responsible for the drawing, the lithography, and the text, the book has a unity of interest which is well-nigh unique. M. Robida's drawings of the castles of Vitré and Josselin are wonderfully striking. They are not in any way idealised, but are simple, bold, and, perhaps, at times too prosaic renderings of the original. He is best of all in some of his delicious old streets and houses, abounding in quaint Italian-like arcades, exterior staircases of finely carved wood dating from the sixteenth century, and rich in magnificent sculpture. M. Robida's drawings are accompanied by a running commentary of text, which is, of course, far more literary than the ordinary guide-book, and every now and then is full of historical interest. The type and paper are both sumptuous, and the volume is altogether a splendid memorial of one of the very finest countries in Europe.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

- "The Franco-German War, 1870-71," by Field-Marshal Count Helmuth von Moltke. Translated by Clara Bell and H. W. Fischer. Two vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "Acting and the Art of Speech at the Paris Conservatoire," by J. Raymond Solly. (Elliot Stock.)
- "Those Other Animals," by G. A. Henty, *Whitefriars Library*. (Henry and Co.)
- "Did the Manipur Princes Obtain a Fair Trial?" by Mano Mohun Ghose. (W. Hutchinson and Co., 25, Craven Street, Charing Cross.)
- "Recalled to Life," by Grant Allen. (J. W. Arrowsmith.)
- "The Red Grange," by Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. (Methuen and Co., 18, Bury Street.)
- "Hepsy Gipsy," by L. T. Meade. (Methuen and Co.)
- "The Socialism of Christianity," by W. Blissard. (Elliot Stock.)
- "The Calendar of the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, Twentieth Session, 1891-2." (J. E. Cornish, Manchester.)
- "Patience Holt," by Georgiana M. Craik. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)
- "Life in the Royal Navy," by "A Ranker." (G. Chamberlain, Lake Road, Landport, Portsmouth.)
- The Quiver*. Volume for 1891. (Cassell.)
- "Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XXVIII.—Howard to Inglethorp. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

There is something about Mr. Henry Arthur Jones which reminds me of Triplet. That admirable man was always ready to execute an order for an ode, an elegy, anything neat and dainty, to celebrate a wedding or a funeral or an evening party. I can see Mr. Henry Arthur Jones pledging himself to supply a controversial article on anything you please with punctuality and dispatch. If it were the custom to carry literary wares from town to town, I think he would for choice travel in palfreys. His play, "Saints and Sinners" (Macmillan), has twenty-five pages of preface and twenty-five more of appendix. There is a tremendous prelude about the literary status of the drama, and there is a reprint of an article in the *Nineteenth Century* on "Religion and the Stage." In the preface Mr. Henry Arthur Jones assures us that the dramatist is nothing if he contents himself with theatrical devices instead of studying actual life, and in the appendix he breaks into a rhapsody about life—its "deep organ tones" and "silver flutes," its "thunder and whirlwind," and the heart of its "eternal mystery." This is very interesting and very solemn, but when you get into the play, which struggles about somewhere between these impressive flourishes, you hear the flutes indeed, but they are piping the familiar strains of the theatrical orchestra, and the thunder sounds uncommonly like our old friend the tea-tray.

Now, the crucial test of a play which claims to be literature is that it shall stand on its own merits apart from histrionic interpretation. It must reflect, more or less accurately, real human types. It must be written with a distinction which gives its characters a shape and speech that make them start into life before our eyes at the first word of a familiar quotation. But does Mr. Henry Arthur Jones really imagine that there is a solitary syllable in "Saints and Sinners" which will conjure up his spectral dummies in anybody's mind? Take that ridiculous personage Captain Eustace Fanshawe, who revels in the thought of his own iniquity. There used to be a music-hall song beginning, "If ever there was a damned scamp, I flatter myself I am he." Captain Eustace might as well sing that as indulge in this strain of candour: "When a man has been as badly used by womankind as I have been—damn it all, he owes it to his own sense of justice to be revenged on womankind as often as he can! (Chuckling.)" This subtle stage direction is a fair sample of the literature in this play. Everywhere there is the same cheap and obvious artifice. The chuckling captain is surpassed by a canting deacon, who has a text on his tongue in his most offensive moments. There is a blameless minister with an erring daughter, and there is a good young man who wants to kill the wicked captain. These people have no life whatever away from the footlights. They belong to the unreal world of theatrical convention, in which they have figured over and over again under other names; and no amount of preface and appendix can give them an abiding place amongst the serious studies of English character.

Here is another play, "The Dean's Daughter" (Trischler), by F. C. Philips and Sydney Grundy. There is, I am thankful to observe, no preface to this work. It forms, however, a curious pendant to "Saints and Sinners," for the Dean, an Episcopalian Chadband who tipsles, is always borrowing, and abuses his daughter, is as grotesque a caricature as Mr. Jones's deacon. I have no extensive knowledge of Deans, but it is safe to say that no such dignity of the Church as Mr. St. Aubyn ever existed. He is simply Mr. Eccles, promoted from the tap-room, and provided with a suitable jargon for his new vocation. His daughter is the familiar stagey lady who, at a critical juncture, exclaims, "Ha! what is life?" She has an old husband, a diplomatist, who talks of "my ambassadorial position." Instead of a chuckling captain there is a bad Russian prince who says a certain woman is "as ugly as Satan and as stupid as your feet." The stupidity of feet, I admit, is new to me; but the stage directions, which are numerous and varied, are as literary and as obvious as those of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. "Smiles sweetly, but is evidently suffering from suppressed excitement," is one of those things, which linger in the memory like the popping of corks. I don't suppose that Mr. Philips and Mr. Grundy will call their play a piece of literature, or that they were ever tempted to rush into the *Nineteenth Century* with awe-struck ecstasies about the "eternal mystery" of a bibulous Dean. Yet "The Dean's Daughter" is quite as likely to be numbered among the literary wonders of the Victorian age as "Saints and Sinners."

After this, it is a comfort to turn to something which has a flavour of literature, even if it comes to one in the cookery of Mr. Davenport Adams. "With Poet and Player" (Elliot Stock) has, perhaps, a somewhat remote relish of letters. Mr. Davenport Adams serves up very small *plats* with profuse trimmings, and just as you have caught the savour of the dish, there is nothing left but parsley. How distracting to the appetite, for example, to read that "Mr. Lewis Morris and Mr. James Cochrane have both poetised on Regent Street," or that "Mrs. Browning sang the woes of the ragged-school children, and Mr. Lewis Morris, more generally, has sung those of the children of the street"! That "more generally" shows that Mr. Davenport Adams, like an accomplished *chef*, can positively tantalise the palate. However, you get something like solid satisfaction in the statement that "Rule, Britannia," is the "first truly patriotic note, after Shakspeare," and in the beautiful reflection on the death of a renowned warrior, that "after all his triumphs with the sword the great fighter succumbs to the inevitable attack of the still more irresistible swordsmen—Death." Here, as Mr. Davenport Adams observes of another poet, he "strikes a note which vibrates loudly in the general heart." I am quite unable to discriminate between this happy touch and the subtlety of the criticism on Goethe, that "undoubtedly this calmness of his, the product of experience and self-knowledge, is immensely fascinating, and gives to his utterances a sort of Delphic solemnity."

But why go to Delphi when you can learn everything about life from the author of "How to be Happy, though Married"? Mr. Hardy (not Thomas) has produced a book which makes literature a thing of naught. He is the oracle of the appropriate anecdote. Do you want to know how to be always in time? Turn to page 111 of "The Business of Life" (T. Fisher Unwin), and read how "the late Prince Napoleon" was killed by the Zulus because he lingered ten minutes to have a cup of coffee. Nothing of the kind happened to "the late Prince Napoleon"; but that is as immaterial as literature. Do you want a lesson in refinement? Read the story (page 252) of the Yankee who "spat out an oyster at dinner," much to the admiration of Mr. Hardy. Are you unobservant of the opportunities of happiness? Ponder the tale of the American tourist (page 97) who woke up on the Rhine, and asked, "Where's the bar?" There are three hundred pages stuffed with these precious truths; and when you have mastered them, I think you will agree that literature is a poor pursuit, and that some new Omar ought to burn all books save this.

L. F. A.

* *The Poets and Poetry of the Century*. Edited by Alfred H. Miles. (Hutchinson and Co.)



At a cattle-ranch somewhere in the "Wild West"—not the extreme west of the Pacific States, but the region lying east of the Rocky Mountains, let us say among the Big Horn hills, in Wyoming, halfway between the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific lines of railroad—the manager will occasionally invite a party of Indians to assist his trustworthy "cow-boys" in a big drive of the unruly herd to be confined in his "corral," before sending the live beef to market at Chicago. This operation, in North

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS RUNNING CATTLE INTO A RANCH.

America as well as in Australia, presents a lively scene of energetic action, not always free from danger amid the crowd of angry horned beasts: and only such bold and skilful horsemen as those employed in the work, both white men and their Indian allies, could perform so rude a service. How well they ride, and how readily the sturdy and nimble "bronchos," or ponies of the prairie, adapt their swift movements to the incessant turning and twisting of this fierce struggle, is shown in our Artist's drawing.

"D.V."

BY ANDREW LANG.

Is it piety or superstition, or a queer blend of both, which makes people say and write that they will do this or that D.V.? In older and less hurried days people added the qualification "God willing" to their promises and proposals. Many of them meant, no doubt, to "hedge" against that divine envy in which the Greeks believed. "The Deity is always jealous," Herodotus says, and will be offended if we take anything in our future for granted. He will sweep us away, as Caliban, in Mr. Browning's poem, sweeps the crabs. Thus a poet in the Greek Anthology warns us "never to use the word to-morrow," for of to-morrow we have no certainty. The desire to "hedge," then, made many people say "God willing," just as the cautious Scot qualifies a promise by adding "if I'm spared and weel." But others who used the phrase had, no doubt, an intention rather pious than superstitious. They did not wish to avert a kind of divine Evil Eye as to assert, on a convenient opportunity, the faith in which they lived and moved. But an act or phrase once or twice repeated becomes a kind of private ritual with some men, and no doubt Dr. Johnson touched all the posts, going back to touch any he had omitted, merely because he had once been lucky after doing so by a kind of accident. People who say "God willing" once or twice become afraid to omit it: their piety dwindles into a kind of minor magic. When hurried—and we are all hurried now—they write it short, "D.V.," just as they write R.S.V.P. or P.P.C. They have thus executed their little private mummary at the smallest possible expense of time and trouble. They have secured themselves from the malevolence of fate as effectually as if they had covered themselves all over with the lucky leaves, shells, rags, feathers, and other magical trifles of the Papuan. They have touched all necessary posts, as it were, and their sense of the precariousness in all things human is lulled to temporary repose. Of course, they know that whatever happens can only happen D.V. Were it a case of D.N., the thing would not happen at all. But they think it enough to acknowledge this once in the course of a whole document or programme dealing with the future. Here is an example from a rural handbill—

STARTING OF THE MEMORIAL CLOCK AT BOUNDERBY.

The Great Event of the Year!
The Dedication of a Public Clock to the
Revered Memory of

ROBERT K. BULGER, Esquire,

will take place on

Monday, Aug. 18, 1891.

There will be a Memorial Service.

Afterwards

THE CLOCK WILL BE SET AGOING

By Lord Azure.

At Five o'clock there will be Tea.

The Handsome Prizes gained by the Sunday School Children

will be Presented (D.V.)

It will be Moonlight on Your Return Home.

Many will Rise Up and Call Him Blessed.

There is a funny mixture of parish and piety! And why should we have D.V. only once, and that in connection with presenting the prizes? Is that an event more peculiarly chancy and fortuitous than all the rest of it, the setting of the clock agoing, the actual presence of tea, and the very problematic "moonlight on your return home," which really seems the flukiest thing in the programme? It is vain for astronomers to look up their almanacks, for I have altered the date of "the Great Event" of the year at Bunderby. Astronomers have found out that there was no "struggling moonbeams' misty light" when Sir John Moore was buried, but they need not trouble themselves with my hypothetical date. Perhaps the compiler of the handbill thought it very likely that the person who was to present the prizes might cry off at the last moment, and so, as D.V. need only be used once, considered it well to use it exactly there and not elsewhere. But the handbill is a pleasing little document in our contemporary social history, and deserves to be known outside of Bunderby, a town as yet undiscovered by geographers.

We may, with an effort, shake ourselves free of the D.V. superstition, which is not really a piece of piety, though it was not unfamiliar to Gordon. It would have been interesting to know how that good and great man defended the use of the mystic initials in his correspondence. It was a foible, and perhaps very few of us are without such foibles. People, otherwise sensible, tell cattle the day of the month when they meet them on the road, and bow to the new moon, and are afraid to dine in a company of thirteen, and mistrust Friday, and stick crows' feathers upright in the grass, and toss spilt salt over their left shoulders, and collect old horse-shoes, and perform as many such feats as the superstitious family in Addison's *Spectator*. I myself have as many superstitions as Dr. Johnson, though a long acquaintance with the folk-lore of most people has taught me the folly of such rites and mummeries. Mine are mostly self-invented, my fetishes are of my own discovery. True, I spit on a salmon-fly for luck, and that is a superstition at least as old as Theocritus, being meant, by showing contempt for the article thus treated, to propitiate the Evil Eye. But most of my secret ritual is my own, much of it has been practised ever since I was a child. The chief thing is to have rites that nobody can detect and laugh at, whereas Dr. Johnson's own ritual was extremely public and ludicrous. It is not wise to step on the stones by a preconceived plan, for you have to retrace your steps in the streets—an object of derision, pretending to look for some object you have dropped, if once you follow the example of Dr. Johnson. Perhaps nobody was ever quite so frank as to say what his personal secret ritual is, for D.V. and horse-shoes, and the rest of it, is conventional magic, known to all people. But I believe most of us, however agnostic and scientific, really have our own little rites, and, if we believe in nothing else, believe in Luck, and try to propitiate that goddess. Some worship a particular walking-stick; some cling to an old lucky coat long after it is shabby; or to a seedy hat, a coin, a penknife, or some such fetish. Let the reader ask himself, "Am I wholly free from superstition of every kind?" before he laughs too much at the use of D.V.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED MARSUPIAL.

When the vast continent of Australia was discovered, it was found that, with a few insignificant exceptions, all the native quadrupeds belonged to that important group termed marsupial animals, of which the only examples previously known were the opossums, so celebrated in American fiction. In these the young, born in an exceedingly rudimentary condition, pass the early stages of their existence in a bag or pouch, "marsupium," which is carried by the mother. Many persons are familiar with the strange sight of a young kangaroo thrusting its head out of the mouth of this pouch, or even leaving altogether when it has attained a greater size, leaping around the parent and then returning to the pouch on the least alarm as to a harbour of refuge and a safe place of concealment. This peculiar arrangement, though with many differences, prevails throughout the whole of the marsupial group, the young of which are carried about by the parent until they advance towards maturity. In some, however, the pouch is so small that they leave it at an early age, and are carried about on the back of the parent, holding on by their prehensile tails, which are wound about that of the mother. This is the case with some of the opossums.

The marsupials form a very diverse group of animals. Some of them are so carnivorous and destructive as to receive the names of wolves, hyenas, or even Tasmanian devils. The thylacine of Tasmania, of which a fine specimen exists at the present time in the Zoological Gardens, is sufficiently powerful to commit great havoc amongst the sheep-folds, and has consequently been nearly exterminated from the settled parts of the colony. Other marsupials are purely herbivorous: such are the kangaroos, small kangaroo rats, the wombats, &c. Some again resemble our insect-eating quadrupeds, and live on ants, worms, and grubs. One marsupial, the flying



NOTORYCTES TYPHLOPS: THE NEW MOLE-LIKE MARSUPIAL.

phalanger, closely resembles the flying squirrels, having a broad membrane between its fore and hind legs, which it extends when leaping enormous distances from one tree to another, gliding through the air more like a bird than a quadruped; but until the discovery of the animal now figured no marsupial resembling in any respect our common mole has been described. For the description and representation of this animal, and for the careful determination of its zoological structure, we are much indebted to Dr. E. C. Stirling, Professor in the University of Adelaide and President of the Royal Society of South Australia. He received specimens several years ago, but they were in a condition so imperfect as to hinder their proper description, and he accordingly exercised patience until one that would enable him to give a satisfactory account of its extraordinary structure should reach him. He was at length rewarded, and naturalists at last find a full account of what must be regarded as the most interesting zoological discovery for many years.

The new animal inhabits the very centre of the continent, a thousand miles from Adelaide, amidst sand-hills covered with spinifex and acacia. It is not common, not even being known to all the aborigines. It lives underground, and the tracks it makes when coming to the surface are washed out by the least rain or blown away by the wind. When discovered it immediately dives into the sand, burrowing its way with the horny shield protecting its snout and the powerful scoop-like claws of its fore-feet; the light sand closes behind as it descends, and no permanent tunnel is left to mark its course. The rate at which it burrows may be inferred from the fact that, on capturing one of these rare specimens, it was thought desirable to see how it could burrow; so it was placed on the ground, when it was out of sight in a moment, and, in spite of the diligent digging of the men with their shovels, and of a lubra, or aboriginal woman, well used to scratching in the soil, the efforts to recover it were in vain. Some living specimens that were caught were placed in buckets of sand, but they only lived a few days, although supplied with ants, grubs, and other insect food. During this time the noise of their ceaseless burrowing beneath the surface was heard. The natives know nothing of their history, regarding them with superstition, and applying to them a name that may be translated as "Devil Devil."

The animal is well represented in the accompanying drawings, which are taken from the "Transactions of the Royal Society of South Australia." The Notoryctes is about five inches



THE NEW MOLE-LIKE MARSUPIAL.

in length. Its singular structure accords well with its habits. On the nose is a horny shield, which can be thrust into the yielding sand. The mouth and nostrils both open below, so as to be out of the way when the animal is using the head to burrow. The fore-feet are very remarkable, the third and fourth toes being furnished with enormous claws, with which the animal can thrust the sand behind it as it progresses under ground. The hinder limbs are well protected by baggy folds of skin, and are obviously less used than the fore-limbs in going through the ground. The eyes are practically absent, there being no connection between the dot which represents them and the brain. The small eyelike opening shown in the figure is really the canal leading to the ear, which is surrounded by a ring of raised skin free from fur.

The covering of the animal is remarkably distinct from that of our common mole, in which the thickly set hairs are set perpendicularly to the skin, so that the animal can pass in one direction as easily as the other, and to the points of which our moist soil is not likely to adhere.

In the Notoryctes, as this animal has been named by Dr. Stirling (from two Greek words, signifying the "digger of the South"), the fur is soft, silky, and of a bright fawn colour. This covering has obviously a distinct relation to the fact that the animal never goes backwards in its burrow, which closes up after it, but, by its long silky texture, enables it to glide easily and rapidly through sand. The tail is very peculiar, being leathery in texture and marked with conspicuous rings to the very end. The pouch in the female is very small, but nothing is known, even by the aborigines, of the young or the state of development when hatched.

Since the examples figured and described by Dr. Stirling were procured he himself has traversed the continent, visiting the very districts which it inhabits, though his journey was too hurried to enable him to obtain a sight of the creature in life; and indeed we are not very likely to see specimens of the animal in a living state, but its discovery is exceedingly interesting from a scientific point of view, as showing the remarkable manner in which marsupial animals are modified in their structure so as to suit the conditions under which they live. Too much praise can hardly be bestowed on Dr. Stirling for undertaking this perilous journey of nearly forty days' duration from the north to the south of Australia, the special inducement being the fact that his course would pass through the tract of country where the first specimen of the Notoryctes was found.

CUB-HUNTING.

The harvest is over, and the last wagon, creaking beneath its golden load, has left the stubby fields. Over the face of the wooded country a tinge of brown is stealing. The summer has passed, autumn is upon us. Again the huntsman's horn re-echoes through the silent woodlands, bringing joy to the sportsman's heart, and foretelling dangers to the foxes and their families. Cub-hunting—a rehearsal of the proper hunting season—has commenced; from all sides a good show of "the vermin" is reported, promising well for the coming months.

These cub-hunting meets are usually not very largely patronised, possibly for the reason that to be present at a fixture several miles from home, ere the sun has risen, requires a certain amount of resolution and sacrifice of comfort; or it is because brilliant runs are not expected or desired by the huntsman; his object being not to provide sport, but to put things in order for the fox-hunting season. The young additions to his pack have to be "entered" to their lawful game. The foxhound puppy's inborn desire to pursue, kill, and eat every living thing he can find in the fields or coverts has to be restrained; he must be shown what scent to follow and what to avoid. He must be taught to regard the whip with fear, and to speed with joy to the huntsman's horn or voice. The manners of the older hounds also require attention; discipline, become lax during their six months of idleness, has to be re-established.

Also the fox cubs have their lessons to learn, and the untimely death of several of their little brothers and sisters soon teaches them that to skulk and "ring" about in the covert is bad policy when hounds are drawing, and that their safety consists in open flight or a rapid retreat to their snug earths; but they have yet to learn that this latter source of refuge will be closed against them when the serious business of hunting commences.

A morning's "cubbing" (if the weather is anything like decent) is well worth the trouble of early rising; the country never appears so fresh and lovely as it does when the sun is just commencing his daily round. That gentle though chilly breeze which is always stirring at early dawn brushes the cobwebs from one's brain, and as one trots along through the dew-laden grass on the way to the meet one feels ten years younger, lighthearted as a boy, and at peace with all men.

Another advantage of cubbing is that one gains an insight into the habits of foxes and the working of hounds, which is impossible to obtain later on, when quick "finds" and quicker "aways" are the order of the day. Occasionally, the early riser is more than repaid by the enjoyment of a rattling run after some stout-hearted cub, or possibly an old fox that the pack has got away with before the eagle-eyed whips have discovered the mistake. But at this season of the year it requires more than the usual amount of nerve to ride straight across country. Every hedge appears an impenetrable mass of green, and the ditches are fearfully blind, choked up with briars and weeds; so that one's horse, unless a cunning old stager, fails to see the hidden trap, and consequently lands right in the midst of the thorny bed with unpleasant result to his rider. Gaps there are none; they have either grown up or have been strongly fortified during the preceding summer; and one has to search in vain for those former aids to crossing the country that were present in the last season.

G. H. J.

The Gaiety Theatre of Varieties in Liverpool is added to the list of playhouses that have been destroyed by fire. It was erected on its site in Camden Street, near the Lime Street Railway Station, about seventeen years ago, and was computed to hold one thousand persons.

A railway accident in Spain, near Burgos, has caused, we regret to say, the death of one English passenger, Mr. Maurice Long, who was Vice-Consul at Malaga, and serious injuries to others. Among these is Mr. Seymour Lucas, A.R.A.; also Mr. W. Cotton, barrister, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Fletcher, of London. Sixteen persons were killed.



THE MEET AT SUNRISE



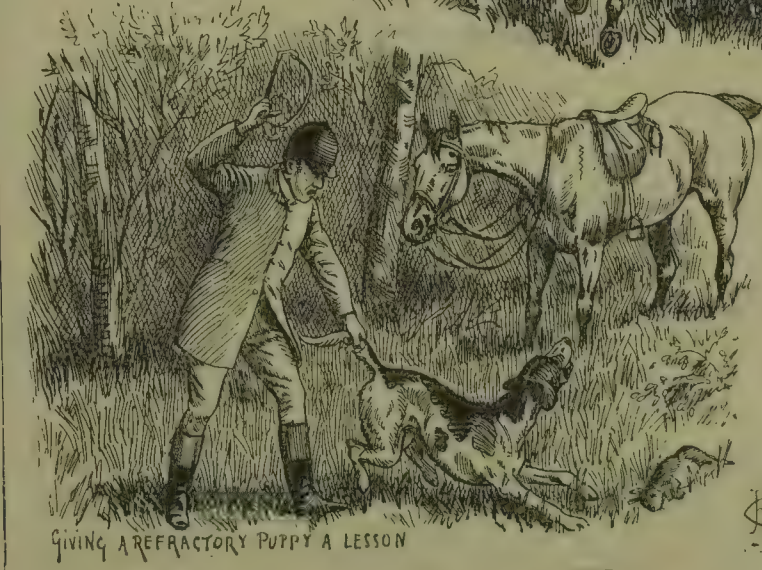
AT A BLIND DITCH.



MR FUNKER FINDS HIS
FAVOURITE GAP IN
A STATE OF DEFENCE.



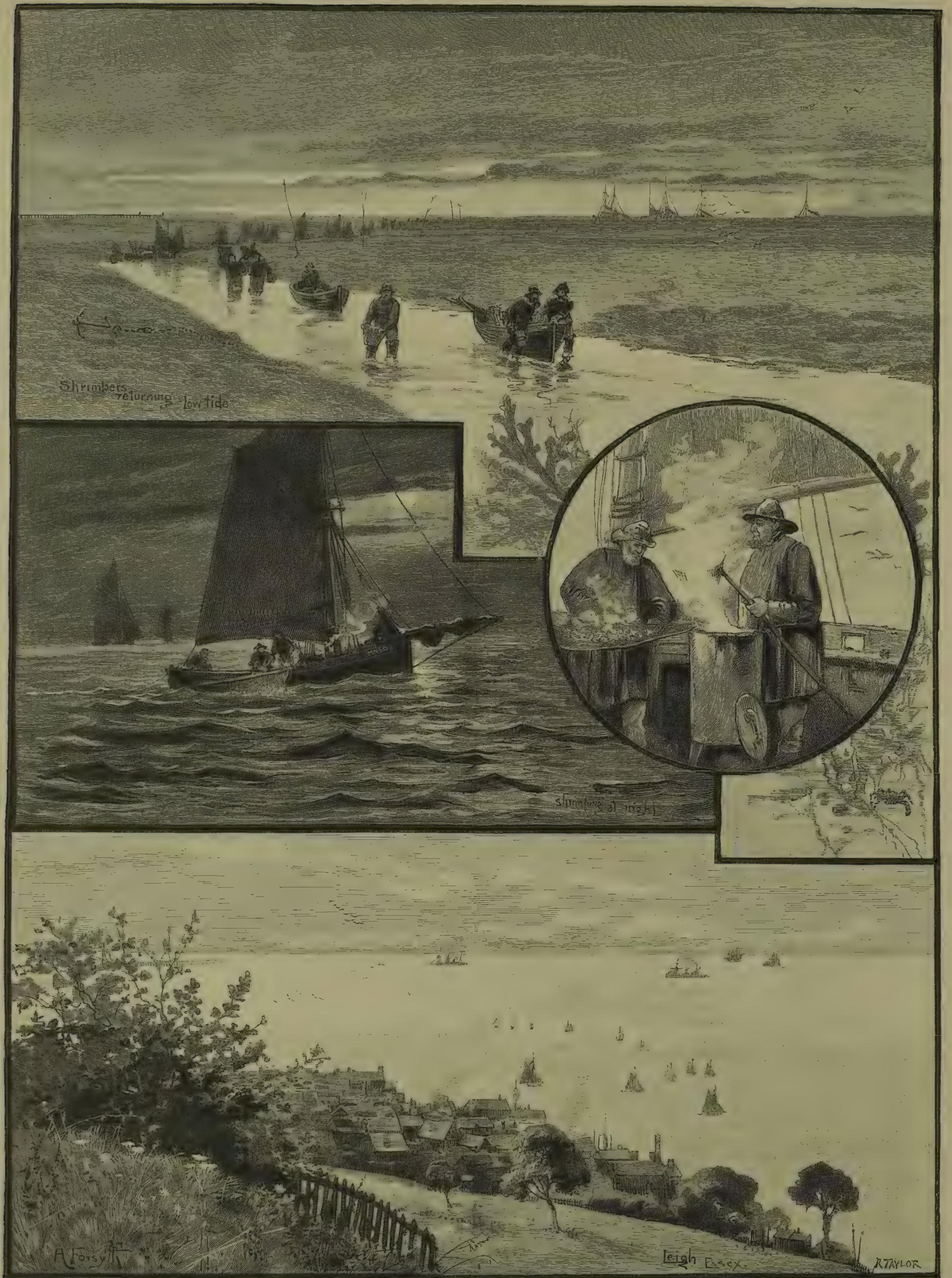
THE NEW ENTRY CANNOT RESIST THE SIGHT & SCENT OF DEER



GIVING A REFRACTORY PUPPY A LESSON



THE FIRST KILL
OF THE SEASON



SHRIMPING AT THE MOUTH OF THE THAMES.



THE PUNGWE ROUTE TO MASHONALAND.—PIONEER CAMP AT M'PONDA'S: HIRING BOYS TO CARRY LOADS.



FREE EDUCATION: ARITHMETIC.

THE PUNGWE ROUTE TO MASHONALAND.

We lately published the earliest sketches and notes received from Mr. Doyle Glanville, F.R.G.S., who has accompanied the three English ladies appointed by the Bishop of Bloemfontein, in accordance with the plans of the Church Mission, to act as hospital nurses in the new gold-fields settlement of Mashonaland. The route of travel chosen for this party was going by sea from Natal to the Portuguese port of Beira, on the east coast of South Africa, and thence, in a small river-steamer, ascending the river Pungwé, which is navigable about seventy miles, as far as a place called "M'Ponda's," from the name of the native chief. From this place, which is an unhealthy swamp, the distance to the nearest English settlements in Mashonaland would be a hundred and eighty miles. On June 28, when our correspondent wrote from M'Ponda's, the road was still unmade, and consequently neither wagons nor oxen were available. The only chance of getting along was with the aid of natives, who would carry loads of about forty pounds each; but the difficulty of obtaining any such "boys" is inconceivable. Those in the neighbourhood are idle, and will not carry though high pay is offered them, and those who come from a distance will desert for fear of the Portuguese. Until further aid could be sent, the stores and other goods, valued at thousands of pounds, must lie at M'Ponda's, probably for several weeks, and it was feared that the health of the party would suffer.

SHRIMPING AT THE THAMES MOUTH.

The village of Leigh, situated near the mouth of the Thames, about three miles from Southend, is the home of the shrimper; and there is a fleet of about eighty boats, employing nearly two hundred hands. The shrimping is carried on all the year round, except a short time in the winter, when some of the men turn their attention to spratting. The shrimping boat is a sturdy little vessel, 30 ft. to 35 ft. long, and 12 ft. to 14 ft. wide; some of the modern boats are of greater dimensions. The principal net used is the trawl, but most of the boats also carry four smaller nets, two at the bow and two at the stern. Near the centre of the boat a copper is fixed, and the shrimps, on being taken from the water, are there and then boiled. Should the catch exceed the capabilities of the copper, the remaining shrimps are placed in a tank amidsthips, to keep them alive; the bottom of the boat being perforated to allow of a continuous supply of sea-water. After boiling, the shrimps are spread on a net to cool, and are then packed in baskets, labelled, and ready to be forwarded to Billingsgate immediately on landing.

The fishing is carried on night and day according to the tides. The men will perhaps start at midnight, and return about noon the following day; or, starting at seven or eight in the morning, return about the same hour in the evening. It is a picturesque sight to see them coming home at sunset, pushing their way up the creek like a fleet of Indian canoes. Should the tide not have flowed sufficiently to allow the smacks to get up to the town, the men take to their small boats, and paddle as far as they can; then, getting out, with pushing and pulling they reach the town, all being anxious to get in as quickly as possible, to send their shrimps off, and get home to their families.

In the long winter nights the shrimper's life is a dreary and hazardous one, shrimps sometimes being very scarce; and the men have to keep a sharp look-out for the great screw-steamer that come down the river. Sometimes, in getting out of the way, the men have to cut their nets adrift to prevent being run down, consequently the shrimper looks upon these vessels as his enemies, to be avoided as much as possible. The Leigh shrimps are considered the finest that go into the market, and for that reason command a good price; but the shrimper himself seldom gets his fair share, the money going through too many hands before it reaches him.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

There is a good rally to the Church Congress at Rhyll, and visitors will find that the Church in Wales is ready for battle. The question with Disestablishers is whether they shall wait Mr. Gladstone's convenience or proceed without troubling about it. It is suggested by a semi-official Liberal paper that the Welsh Liberals should, in the event of Disestablishment, leave the Church in the possession of the endowments and the cathedrals; but it is doubtful whether this proposal will satisfy the most devoted of Mr. Gladstone's adherents.

Mr. Llewelyn Davies' many friends will be glad to hear that he has taken up the pen in his pleasant retirement at Kirkby Lonsdale. To the *Expositor* for October he contributes an article, and he has been writing in a leading provincial journal on Welsh Disestablishment.

There is quite a strong feeling in Wales about the ridiculous degrees conferred by unknown American Universities on unknown Dissenting ministers. One gentleman received a degree from what purported to be the "Druidical University of America," and was much felicitated on this recognition of his merits. It turned out that the whole thing was a hoax, whose perpetrators are not yet discovered. It is said that one of these D.D.s, happening to be in America, sought out his Alma Mater, and found it in a log hut, where two men were busily engaged in fabricating diplomas, while a girl was making hood.

There was a good deal of dissatisfaction at Truro when it became known that the new bishop, Dr. Gott, wanted a larger house than the official residence, Lis Escop. In deference to this feeling, Dr. Gott has sensibly decided to give Lis Escop a six-months' trial.

Dr. Ellicott, the learned Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, has composed a volume on Testimony to the Old Testament. It will be substantially on the lines of the Archdeacon of Taunton, and will not meet the critics on their own ground. Meanwhile, Dr. Driver, Dr. Pusey's successor at Oxford, has published his long-expected introduction to the Old Testament, of which something will be heard.

The publication of the venerable Bishop Wordsworth's autobiography coincides opportunely with the Jubilee festivities at Trinity College, Glenalmond, of which he was the first Warden, having been persuaded to leave Winchester for the new institution by his old college pupil Mr. Gladstone, who was one of the founders. Mr. Gladstone is not the only survivor of the Bishop of St. Andrew's brilliant group of private pupils at Christ Church. Some have gone, but there remain, besides the ex-Prime Minister, Cardinal Manning and Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The bishop's autobiography, entitled "Annals of My Early Life, 1806 to 1846," is published by Messrs. Longmans.

A Church paper speaks, not too soon, of the quality of the University sermons at Oxford. "What is absolutely essential," it wisely says, "is to get a succession of really good preachers for the Sunday morning service; not an occasional oasis in a dreary desert."

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F L (Newport Pagnell).—The reason of Black's resignation is surely obvious enough. Black King moves, Q to B sq (ch), it interposes, Q to B 5th (ch), Q takes Q, P takes Q, and wins. Your solution would do if you can show how a White Pawn is possible at Kt 7th.

SORRENTO (Dawlish).—Will you consider the position very carefully and say how you account for the disappearance of Black's K B? Was it taken by a White Pawn?

E A G (Taunton).—Unfortunately, his "vanquished foes" do not all bear witness to his valour, and that is why he never could get across.

Dr F St (Canterwell).—Correction comes in good time. Thanks for compliments.

W MACKENZIE (Clapham).—Your letter quite interested us. Your problem, however, is hardly strong enough. It lacks the variety and elegance absolutely necessary for a modern two-mover. Let us hear from you again.

R F (Belfast).—We know of no rule applicable to such a case, but should say that in fairness Sunday ought to be a *dis non*.

F EYCOFF (Aldershot).—Your problem will appear in due course.

J BERRIOWS (Leytonstone).—The problem was one in three moves, not in two, as you state. It, however, could be solved in the lesser number by 1. Kt to B 6th. The intended solution was 1. B to K 2nd.

HOWICH. —Your composition is decidedly ingenious, but we are obliged to repeat our answer of last week.

L DESANGES. —We shall have much pleasure in re-examining your three-move position.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2467 received from L C Banerji (Agra) and J W Bacon (Benares); of No. 2469 from J W Bacon, O C Gilmore (Benares), and L C Banerji; of No. 2474 from Dr F St, Mrs S Henning, Joseph T Pullen (Launceston), and Dr Waitz (Heidelberg); of No. 2475 from G Joicey, L Schlu (Vienna), White Knight, Captain J A Challice, M A Eyre, R Worters (Canterbury), Joseph T Pullen, and C M O.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2476 received from E Loudon, R H Brooks, Dano John, Sorrento (Dawlish), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Anglin, White Knight, Martin F, P C (Shrewsbury), Dawn, L Schlu (Vienna), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J Goad, Columbus, W Rigby, R Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, G Joicey, B D Knox, Borthorpe, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Victoria Aolz y del Frago, T G (Ware), J Hall, W B Reed (Liverpool), A Newman, J W Blagg, E E H, Mrs Winter Wood (Hareston), D A Rowlands (Honiton), R S Brandreth, T Roberts, Dr F St, J F Moon, D McCoy (Galway), Admiral Brandreth, and F Lawson (Hull).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR. LOYD'S CHESS PUZZLE received from T T Blythe (Stretford), J F Moon, and C S Hayward. Numerous correspondents have sent proposed solutions to Mr Lloyd's puzzle, but, so far, the majority have paid little attention to our warning to look before they leap. We would ask all who try the Pawn promotion method to show how a Pawn could possibly have stood at R 7th, or made a capture from Kt 7th. Meanwhile we withhold the solution for another week.

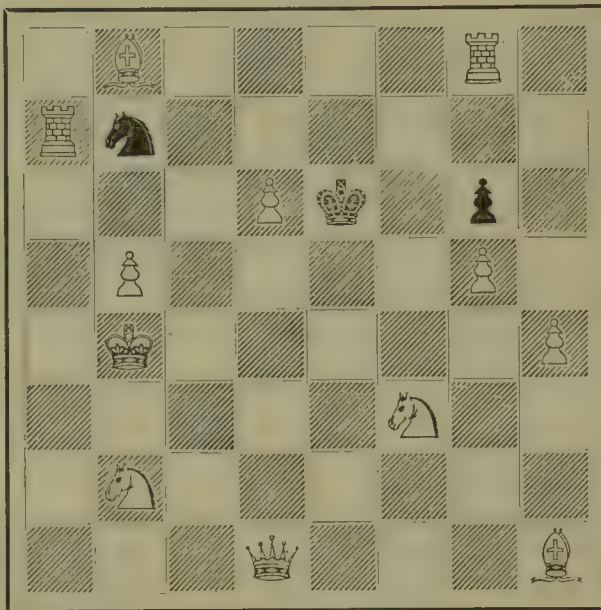
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2474.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to K 2nd	K moves
2. B to R 6th	Any move
3. Q or Kt mates	

PROBLEM No. 2478.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The following unpublished game was played between DELTA and the late Mr. LOWENPHAL at the St. George's Club in 1854.

(Musio Gambit.)

WHITE (Delta).	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Delta).	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	A good move. White loses no time in the pursuit of his attack.	
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	18. P takes P	
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th		
5. P to Q 4th	P takes Kt		

The modern defence is P to Q 4th, when the game proceeds as follows: 6. B takes P, P to B 3rd; 7. B to Kt 3rd, P takes Kt; 8. Q takes P, Q takes P; 9. Q B takes P, Kt to K B 3rd; 10. Kt to Q 2nd, B to Kt 5th, &c.

6. Q takes P B to R 3rd
7. Castles Kt to Q B 3rd
8. P to Q B 3rd Q to B 3rd
9. P to K 5th Q to Kt 2nd
10. B takes P B takes B
11. Q takes B Kt to R 3rd
12. Kt to Q 2nd R to K B sq
13. Kt to K 4th P to Kt 4th
Black's position is very cramped, and he here makes a desperate effort to relieve it; but it is a question if P to Kt 3rd is not better.
14. Kt to B 6th (ch) K to Q sq
15. B to Q 5th K to Kt 2nd
16. B takes Kt B takes B
17. P to Q 5th B to Kt 2nd
18. P to Q 4th

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between Messrs. WALKER and FRASER, of the Dundee Chess Club.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. F.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	A somewhat hazardous venture, in preparation for the contemplated capture of the Q P.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. Kt takes P	B to Q B 4th		
Kt to K B 3rd affords a much more satisfactory defence.			
5. B to K 3rd	Q to K B 3rd		
6. P to Q 3rd	K Kt to K 2nd		
7. B to Q Kt 5th	B takes Kt		
Kt takes Kt is the continuation recommended by Zukertort; but in any case White seems to obtain much the freer game.			
8. P takes B	P to Q 4th		
9. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd		
10. Castles	Castles (K R)		
11. B to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd		

The winter tournament of the City of London Chess Club is expected to commence on Monday, Oct. 19. The arrangements for this gigantic contest will be the same as last year's, except that an attempt is to be made to combine the championship tournament with the usual winter tourney. Mr. Mocatta has added a special prize of four guineas to be competed for in the coming tournament. Mr. Blackburne will follow up his exhibition of blindfold play on Oct. 5 by an exhibition of simultaneous play on the 9th. Mr. Herbert Jacobs will be teler at the blindfold performance.

Mr. T. Winter Wood presided over the fourth annual meeting of the Plymouth Chess Club on Sept. 18. The hon. sec. stated that, both as regards the member-roll and financially, the club was never more prosperous. Mr. T. Winter Wood was re-elected president, and Mr. Charles W. Wood was re-elected hon. sec. and treasurer, while Mr. E. J. Winter Wood and Mr. Brown were elected on the committee. The programme for the coming winter is a good one.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Chaos reigns for the present in regard to hats and bonnets. There is a large variety of shapes in the milliners' shops, and it is still to some extent uncertain on which amongst them the favour of fashion will fix. However, the general style is tolerably clear. The bonnets will not be so low in front and so disproportionately high behind as were those of last winter. There will still be some trimming at the back, but there will also be some trimming at the left side, pretty near the front. Perhaps the trimming most fashionable consists of little plumes of three very small ostrich feathers, tightly curled, and standing close together, as erect as the horn of a unicorn. Three little feathers of this description are often placed at the extreme back, and united by a twist of velvet or ribbon with three others, placed to the left of the front, as has been described. Another novel and fashionable form of trimming for millinery is what the French call *choux*—the only English word for them is rosettes, but French *choux* are fuller and stiffer than the flat kind of round bow which often here goes by the name of a rosette. Some stylish hats are trimmed only with two or three *choux*.

In shapes, a modified Directoire, with the open brim not much raised above the head; the close-fitting toque, folded so as to be rather high in front instead of perfectly flat on the head; and the new Marie Stuart, with the brim very wide and the crown very small, are the leading novelties. The new toque is known as the Russian, and is not so oval as the familiar hat shape that has long been called a toque. Far edging is necessary for the Russian toque; the rest of it may be covered with velvet or cloth to match the dress, the only trimming being either the head of the animal whose fur is used, or the tail of the same poor beastie, or artistically arranged platings of the material just at the front. Birds and birds' wings will be quite out of fashion this winter for bonnets, the little ostrich feathers taking their place. Wings will still be used upon hats, and are by far the most lasting and economical winter trimmings.

Beaver is to be very fashionable as a material for hats and bonnets; it is, however, so extremely costly that it can never become common. Excellent imitations will, no doubt, soon be produced, but the real thing is unmistakable. Beaver and felt are combined in some hats, the crown and edge of the brim being of the former, and the rest of the hat of the felt, which is, of course, a much cheaper material. On these hats the *choux* are very much used for trimming, generally made in velvet. Hats are moderately broad-brimmed as a rule, but there are also many quite small ones, of Tyrolese and sailor shapes.

A statue of Mary Queen of Scots has been offered to the city of Edinburgh by the Countess of Caithness, having been previously offered to and refused by the Municipality of Paris. Lady Caithness thought that Mary Stuart, as a Queen Consort of France, had a claim to a place in the heart of the country where all the brief happiness of her sad life was enjoyed. But the French have sent her image, as they sent herself, to the Scotch subjects whom she found so hard and so cold. Perhaps even in Edinburgh her statue will not be welcomed, for injustice is still done often to her memory, and the legend of the blood of Rizzio remained on the boards on which it was shed at Holyrood, by the express orders of Queen Mary, that she might remember to avenge it. But who could believe this who knows the simple truth of the case?

Immediately after the death of Rizzio, Mary was imprisoned in her apartments by the conspirators. But she succeeded in showing Darnley his blunder in joining in a plot aimed at her life and that of their child. Promptly, Darnley was faithless to his fellow-conspirators, as he had previously been to his wife, and he aided in her escape from the palace. This elopement together of the royal couple kept Mary out of Holyrood for weeks after the death of Rizzio. All the fresh traces of that murder would thus be cleared away long before the Queen was at Holyrood again. Moreover, so far from being revengeful, Mary failed in that rough cruel age because she had not the harshness to destroy proven traitors and unscrupulous enemies when they were in her power. Not one person was executed for the outrage of the murder of Rizzio in the Sovereign's presence; and ultimately every one of the conspirators engaged in this disgraceful scene was freely forgiven by Mary, excepting only the trooper who had held a pistol against her own side, and he was not punished, but merely compelled to continue in banishment. Yet in face of these facts the hasty newspaper reader of to-day is led to suppose that it is actual history that the blood of Rizzio remained unavished to deliberately nourish the revenge of his mistress!

The Countess of Caithness is a very remarkable woman. She believes that a portion of the soul of Mary Stuart is incarnated in Lady Caithness's own person. It is only a portion of the soul, however, which she claims to possess. She believes that at this moment the soul of that Queen animates five different bodies! The theory of reincarnation, which the Blavatskyites adduce as a novelty, is, of course, only a theory of one of the oldest of religions—Buddhism. But, as far as I know, Lady Caithness is original in her idea that one soul may blossom forth in after-incarnations divided into several personalities, as a number of roses spring from one root. Lady Caithness resides in Paris. She was born at Madrid, the daughter of a Spanish father and an English mother, and married, in the first place, the Spanish grandee whose title is now borne by her son—the Duke de Medina-Pomar. Her second marriage was with the Earl of Caithness, who is also now dead. It was in his ancestral home that it was revealed to Lady Caithness, in some supernatural manner, that she is a portion of the soul of Mary Queen of Scots. From that time the Countess devoted herself to collecting relics of Mary. In the magnificent house in the centre of the Boulevard Malesherbes where Lady Caithness now resides, there is a stately chamber appropriated to Mary Queen of Scots. It is hung with fine ancient tapestries, and furnished in antique fashion, so as to be as much as possible like a room that might have been occupied by the Queen in the day of her regal state. A beautiful picture of Mary Stuart, in bridal robes, painted in her early youth, about the time of her marriage with King Francis, hangs in the room; and in an antique *armoire* there is a most interesting collection of well-authenticated relics of the unfortunate Queen. Lady Caithness—half-Spanish superstition, half-English philosophy—is herself of a stately and imposing beauty, and is altogether so uncommon and so interesting that her own theory as to the fascinating personality that rules her spirit is not too ridiculous.

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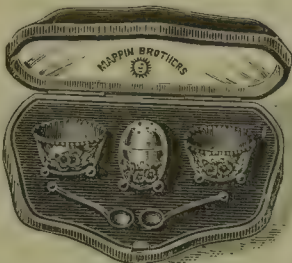
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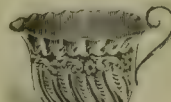
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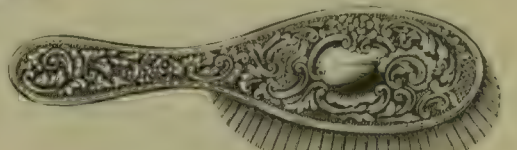
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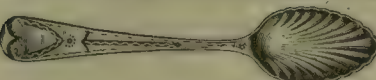
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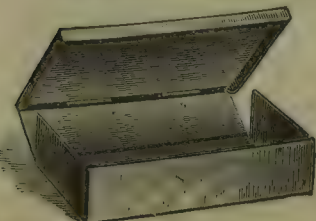
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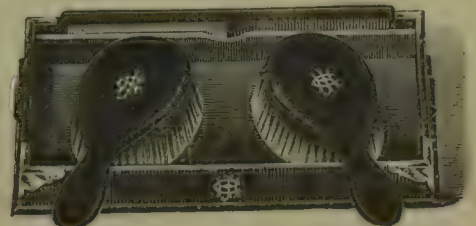


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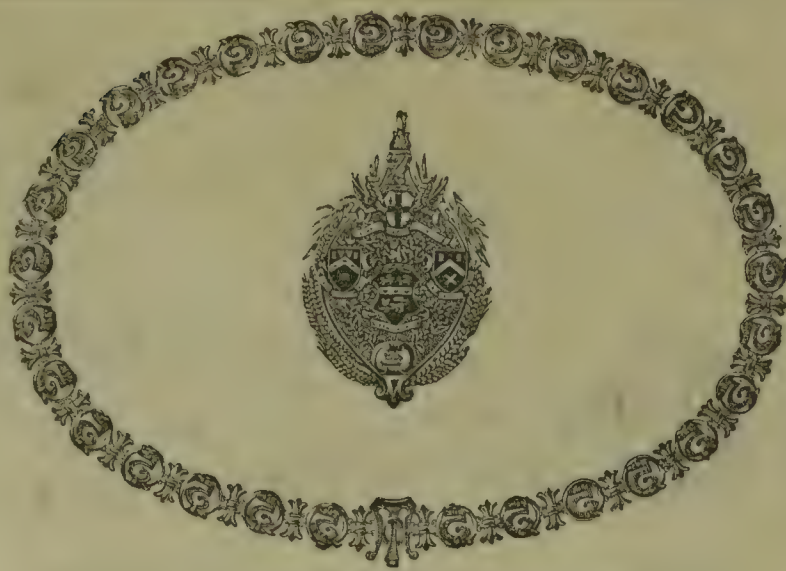
SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. Mortimer Granville certainly threw a bombshell into the camp of the total abstainers by his letter to the *Times* on "Drinking and Drunkenness." I do not know that much harm, however, will have been wrought by the projection of the missile in question, for it is not likely that any one teetotaler will ever be converted to moderate drinking by Dr. Granville's arguments, and it is certain that the replies which his letter has elicited will not affect either the physician himself or any person whose boast it is that he takes alcohol in strict moderation and knows (or feels) it does him good. This question of the use of alcohol, it seems to me, is as perennial a thing as, say, the sea-serpent or the big gooseberry itself. It crops up on the least likely occasions, and ends in the usual way I have hinted at above. Nobody is convinced, and nobody's opinion is altered. I am referring, be it noted, to the science of the matter only. Who is there that has no sympathy with the temperance cause, and with the rescue of men, and, alas! women also, from the degradation of drunkenness? No sane person can but wish the temperance cause all success. This is the moral phase of the matter; and that many persons drink far too much, that a goodly proportion might reduce what they do take (in the way of moderation), and that total abstinence, in the light of a scientific personal experiment, is worth a trial, are opinions of mine which I fancy are shared by most of my neighbours, teetotalers or not.

I say so much the more frankly because I am not a total abstainer. I have tried both systems, abstinence and the moderate use of alcohol (to meals), and as a very healthy person indeed, doing a fair amount of hard work (in the way of lecturing and travelling, among other things), I can bear testimony to the familiar medical maxim that alcohol thus used not only does me no harm, but assists food-assimilation, or, in other words, makes one's food go farther in its work of bodily nutrition. Having said so much, I have said all I need say on the matter personally. I should no more think of enforcing my personal habits in this matter on my neighbours A, B, or C, than I should dream of plotting their extinction. Most things in this world are relative after all, and foods and drinks are among the things which must be judged in strict relation to the individual. To my mind it is as unreasonable for Dr. Granville to make sweeping assertions about the decay of teetotal Englishmen as it is for my friend the total abstainer to insist that I shall give up my claret at dinner because he finds he is better without it.

Is not this "personal equation" view of things that which best suits the whole case? Scientifically, it is not proved that the moderate use of alcohol shortens life, just as it is certain, on the other hand, that its excessive use does produce disease and induce premature decay. I think I am on safe ground when I assert that the physiological action of alcohol on the healthy body has yet to be fully understood—the glib teetotal lecturer notwithstanding. But there are at least three rules or declarations about alcohol suitable for the acceptance of ordinary mortals, and were these three rules borne in mind we should not need to trouble our heads too much about either



GOLD BADGE AND CHAIN, PRESENTED TO MR. ALDERMAN TYLER, SHERIFF-ELECT OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

letters to the *Times* on the advisability of using alcohol, or about diatribes against its employment. Rule the first is, that alcohol is absolutely injurious to the young. *Quis negavit?* Rule the second is, that it is not a necessity (mark, I say "necessity") for the healthy adult body. Rule the third is, that it has dietetic uses which, under strict and intelligent personal discernment, may render it a valuable adjunct to food. Bearing these three rules in mind, one need not hesitate to let much that is written or said pro and con alcohol go by. The moral phases of the question, bear in mind, I do not discuss. But I do wish to see legislation for inebriates carried through, and that speedily, and I should like to see ordinary occasional drunkenness far more heavily punished than it is. Again, I imagine most persons will agree with my opinions. If not, I can only commend to their notice the wives and bairns impoverished by drunken fathers, and the happy homes broken up by drunken mothers; while as regards the penalties for ordinary inebriety, I can conscientiously recommend a railway journey, such as I have undertaken more than once, with an intoxicated man (who should never be allowed to enter any train), furiously violent, as a splendid argument in favour of heavy penalties for the wilful lapse into temporary alcoholic insanity.

An infuriated ostrich must be rather a lively bird, if we may judge from an account of the behaviour of a male ostrich given by Mr. James Andrew. At the nesting season the bird is peculiarly pugnacious. He attacks all and sundry by a series of kicks. The fashion of kicking is in itself peculiar. The leg is described as being raised and thrown outwards, with the foot high in the air. Then it descends with terrific force, so as to strike any object with the flat of the foot, the toe being a ripping-up weapon of singular power. Men have been killed and a horse's neck broken by a single blow from the bird's

foot. When it pursues a man the latter's only safety is to lie flat and be pummelled, until such time as the bird's neck can be seized or he be driven off. To seek safety in flight is useless, for the ostrich seems to possess the power of giving a running kick, such as may well prove fatal. The neck tightly held prevents the ostrich from doing much harm.

The recent examination of Indian children (North American) seems to prove that savage races possess higher and more varied perceptions of colour than civilised races. Out of 250 Indian children (100 being boys) not one was colour-blind; the proportion of lads showing this defect in 100 American boys being five. In another case, out of 250 Indian boys, only two were colour-blind. Among the Indian girls no such defect was noticed; but civilised females show only two cases of colour-blindness in every 1000. The noble savage is possibly a little nearer perfection of sense than is his civilised neighbour; at any rate, in his typical condition, he may be presumed to be free from the effects, in the way of physical deterioration, which a high civilisation inevitably brings in its train.

My theosophical friends must excuse me from entering into controversial strife with them. Their letters addressed to me regarding my recent article show that they have not taken the trouble to peruse that article with the care demanded from critics. My contention then was (and is) that students of science can have nothing whatever to say to theosophic "marvels" till these mysteries are laid before us under conditions admitting of rigid examination. If we are to be told—as my correspondents tell me—that they do not care a whit what science says or thinks *re* Theosophy and its "marvels," these things must remain *in statu quo* so far as science is concerned. I say again that with Theosophy as a religion science has nothing whatever to do. When, however, "marvels" are paraded before our eyes in theory, I may surely be allowed to express surprise and regret that science is not to be permitted to make an examination of them. To vaunt mystic showers of roses, moving pianos, reincarnations, and messages projected through space, before us, and then to tell us that only the initiated may comprehend them, is a procedure which, of course, burks all further inquiry. I, for one, fail to see what Theosophists really want. They do not wish scientific examination of their marvels, and they are indifferent to anybody's opinion otherwise about themselves or their cult. There is only one course open to science at least—and that is, to let them severely alone.

At the Vestry Hall of St. Michael, Queenhithe, on Sept. 24, Mr. Alderman Tyler, Sheriff-elect of the City of London, was presented by the electors of the Queenhithe Ward with a handsome gold badge and chain of office as a mark of their affection and esteem. Mr. Todd, in making the presentation, referred to the services which Mr. Alderman Tyler had rendered to the ward, and the Alderman having expressed his thanks, Mr. Skilbeck handed him a beautiful diamond and pearl brooch, which was subscribed for by the ward for presentation to Mrs. Tyler. A vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the proceedings. The gold badge and chain, which are beautiful specimens of goldsmith's art, were designed and manufactured by Mappin Brothers, of 66, Cheapside.

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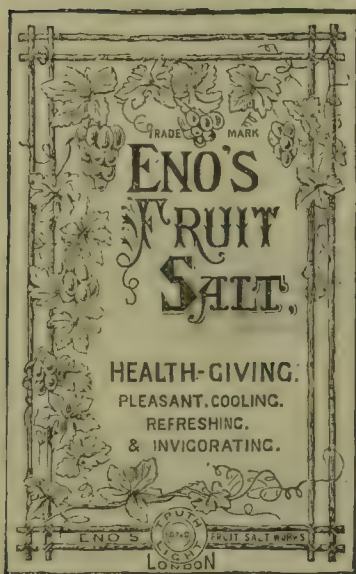
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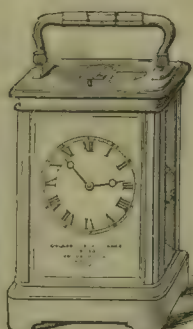
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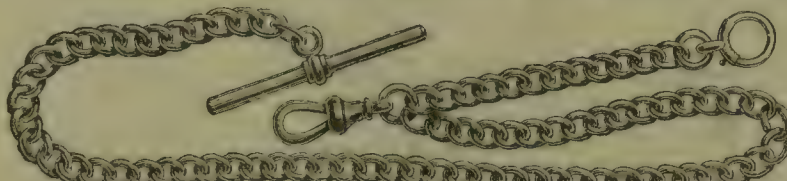
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THE ITALIAN VINTAGE.

The vintage is not what it once was in the days long past, before the oïdium came, when wine was to the Italians like the air they breathed. For years after this misfortune they had none to speak of, and to their great detriment took, in the towns at least, to drinking spirits instead—a terrible thing for Italians, for spirits in that climate are fatal to the health, while wine—pure wine, of course—is a real necessity and a health-giver. Happily, the Italians did not really like the spirits, and when the disease abated gladly went back to their wine again. But prices have ranged higher ever since, with the result that the very poorest cannot afford it, and drink a sort of drainage of the vats that goes by the name of *vinaccia*.

Few plants seem to have so many enemies as the grape. What with old diseases, and new diseases; swarms of evil insects, mist, and hail, too much rain, and too little, everything conspires to threaten the precious vines from their setting in early spring until their maturity. In the plains, where other crops will grow, they are less important than in the hills; but even then they are tenderly watched and discussed. But in the hills, where the broad stony slopes will grow nothing but olives and vines, they are all-important. To save them from their enemies, they are now often covered with sulphur-dust in the spring, which the peasants blow over them from out of a queer tin apparatus. Disastrous is the effect if the rain comes too soon and washes the sulphur away. In some vineyards they use sulphate of zinc against the peronospora. This turns the leaves a dull livid blue, which gives them a ghastly look, especially by moonlight. When the grapes have safely passed through the many and great dangers that threaten them, and the time of the vintage approaches, their owners are full of activity. On all sides one hears a cheerful hammering of barrels and vats being put in order. In some districts the leaves are stripped off the vines that the sun may reach the fruit more easily. In others, the leaves are left as a protection against hail. As the grapes begin to ripen, the paths leading to the vineyards are shut, and some child or old woman is set to watch against thieves. One cannot help wondering what sort of a protection they would be if thieves were really to appear. Occasionally, a fierce dog is let loose among the vines to frighten off intruders. It is strange enough that so little is stolen, for in many places there is no protection at all, no wall, no hedge, the vineyards running beside the open road. In the Chianti, where the best wine is made, the grapes are never touched until they are quite ripe, and three whole fine days must be allowed to pass ere they are gathered. The sun must have fairly risen for at least two hours before they are cut, as it will not do to gather them when damp with dew. With the vintage begin lively and picturesque scenes. Sometimes an ox-cart, holding a large tun, is used as a receptacle for the grapes, sometimes tall tubs called *bigoncie*, into which the precious fruit is put as it is emptied out of the baskets of the gatherers. Millions of earwigs sometimes come rushing out of these *bigoncie*. They are considered as a sign of "good grapes." Wasps also attend the vintage in great numbers. In the Chianti the grapes are crushed with a big wooden pestle before they are put in the vats.

When the sun begins to sink, the gathering stops, and after supper the treading begins. A wild scene it presents in the big cellars, with the *lucerne* flashing fitfully on the big vats and dark laughing faces of the lads who are stamping the grapes. In the plains the *pressoir* is often used, sometimes

driven by water-power, sometimes by hand force, sometimes by oxen. But the quality of the wine thus produced is not so good, as the mechanical press squeezes the stems and seeds, as well as the pulp, and thus gives an astringent and harsh quality to the liquor. It seems admitted that, after all inventions and contrivances have been tried, there is nothing like the elastic, intelligent pressure of the human foot for drawing from the grape all that it is desirable it should yield, and leaving behind all it is best to eliminate. There are many different methods of ultimate preparation; but for the first operation nothing is like the old fashion, Noah's way, as depicted by Benozzi Gozzoli on the wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa. While this proceeding takes place day after day, night after night, with the ordinary grapes, the finer sorts are carefully selected and laid out to dry on reed mats stretched upon trestles. After a while the "must" begins to flow, and very sweet, agreeable, and insidious it is. Under its influence, the mirth grows fast and furious, now and then, though not often, leading to quarrels and license.

When all the vats are ready, they are walled up in the cellars and left to ferment. It would be as much as a man's life is worth to look inside that dark, wide place during the first days of this operation. Some of these cellars, under the large old houses, look like caverns in the mountain sides, they are so wide and deep. Here the wine is left for about six weeks. Then the selected grapes, which were left to dry, are put into the vats, and the wall is closed once more. In ordinary cases it is opened again in January, when the wine is drawn off. The great proprietors, however, who have large airy cellars, and can keep them closed longer, sometimes leave them shut up as long as a whole year. The longer it thus remains, the purer and stronger it becomes. In the plains, the wine is occasionally boiled, to hasten fermentation, but this process is not to be commended. The wine thus produced is turbid and weak, and does not keep. In any case, the ordinary Italian wine does not keep well, the people not having yet learnt scientific methods of preparation, but clinging to their ancient and rule-of-thumb methods. A few proprietors, more learned and less conservative, make wines that last as long as the French; but their number is scant. The wine, to preserve its quality, must be kept in glass demijohns and in extensive and well-ventilated cellars. Baron Bettino Ricasoli, the Tuscan patriot who drained the Maremma, and Count Vittorio Albizzi, who was brought up in France, have been in modern times the most successful makers of Chianti. At the Oenological Exhibition held at Arezzo after their death, the first prize was allotted to their wines, so that the saying went that at Arezzo the dead men had received the first prize. The Ricasoli-wine maintains its superiority, and is the brand most often exported. The wine of the South of Italy is not by any means as good as that of Tuscany. It is rough and heavy and more often adulterated. The Southerners have a way of precipitating the wine which has begun to turn sour with plaster-of-Paris. This makes it possible to drink it; but of course it is not at all good or wholesome. They *maliziare* it ("make it malicious"), as the Italians say, in dozens of ways. The most frequent and most innocent method is that of simply mixing it with water. The latter, however, will only do for vendors whose wares are consumed on the spot. Sometimes it is mixed with spirits of wine, but not often, as spirits of wine are dearer than wine in Italy. I do not know if they have yet discovered logwood. The sweet aromatic Aleatico, which is prepared from special grapes, keeps well; and so do the finer wines of Naples and Capri. But the vintages of Capri and Vesuvius, once so famous, are now rarely found in a genuine state. The vineyards which of old produced the *Lacryma*

Christi have long been buried underneath the lava, and the Capri Bianco seems never again to have reached the perfection it had attained before the days of oïdium. The Government is energetic, and determined in the stamping out of the phylloxera wherever it has appeared, and many of the proprietors are planting American vines, which latter resist the attacks of that pest. Whether the light wines which are drunk at meals in Italy can ever be made susceptible of export it is hard to say. Much remains to be done before the industry can be said to have reached anything like its highest development, but the inevitable peasant, with his dogged and steady resistance to the introduction of *novità*, stands in the way, as also many proprietors as old-fashioned as the peasants themselves. So much, however, has been done by public-spirited land-owners that it may be hoped that the future will see a gradual improvement.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

OBITUARY.

LORD METHUEN.

The Right Hon. Frederick Henry Paul Methuen, second Baron Methuen, of Corsham, Wilts, died on Sept. 26. The deceased, who was born on Feb. 23, 1818, was formerly in the Royal Horse Guards and Aide-de-Camp to her Majesty. He was also a J.P. for the county of Wilts. His lordship succeeded his father in 1849, his elder brother having died unmarried in 1837. He married, in 1844, the only daughter of the Rev. John Sandford, of Nynehead, Somerset, and is now succeeded by his son, Major-General the Hon. Paul Sandford Methuen, who was born at Corsham in 1845, and who served in the Ashantee War, in 1873-4, and commanded "Methuen's Horse" in Bechuanaland in 1885.

MR. STIRLING-HOME-DRUMMOND-MORAY.

Mr. Charles Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, of Blair Drummond, Abercainy and Ardoch, in the county of Perth, died at Blair Drummond on Sept. 24, aged seventy-five. He was second son of the late Mr. Henry Home-Drummond, of Blair Drummond, M.P. and Vice-Lieutenant for Perthshire, by Christian, his wife, sister and heiress of Mr. Moray Stirling, of Abercainy and Ardoch, and was formerly in the 2nd Life Guards. He married, Dec. 11, 1845, Lady Anne Georgina Douglas, youngest daughter of the fifth Marquis of Queensberry, and leaves issue: the eldest son and heir, Henry Edward, lieutenant-colonel Scots Guards, born Sept. 15, 1846, is married to Lady Georgina Emily Lucy Seymour, daughter of the fifth Marquis of Hertford. The well-descended Scottish laird whose death we record was male representative of the Homes of Kaimes, being great-grandson of Henry Home of Kaimes, the distinguished author, by Agatha, his wife, daughter of James Drummond of Blair Drummond.

LADY ANDERSON.

Margaret, Lady Anderson, second wife of Sir James Anderson, commander of the Great Eastern when the Atlantic cable was laid, and daughter of Mr. Thomas Milligan, of Rosefield, Annan, died on Sept. 25, at Queen's Gate, London.

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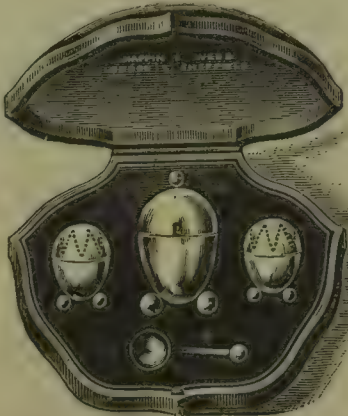
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1891) of Roger Alexander Jean, Duc de Beaufremont, late of 11, Avenue Percier, Paris, who died on April 23, was proved in London on Sept. 14 by Charles Hubert Lamontagne, the executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to £7672. Subject to numerous specific gifts to relatives and friends, and pensions to servants, the testator appoints as his universal legatee Théodore de Beaufremont (the grandson of his cousin Gontrand). He states that he has already disposed of the estate of Secy-sur-Saône, Haute Saône, to his brother, Prince Paul de Beaufremont, for life, but that at his death the same is to go to the said Théodore de Beaufremont, and he charges him to do everything in his power, so that the said estate, which has been so many centuries in the family, and is the only remains of a large territorial fortune, may always remain in it, and may always be in possession of a male and legitimate child of the family.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement, dated March 25, 1891, of Mr. James Cree, late of 34, Royal Terrace, Edinburgh, and of Angus W. Ranch, New Mexico, who died on May 18, granted to Mrs. Agnes Paxton Crabbie or Cree, the widow, James Edward Cree, the son, John Ramage Dawson, and James Robertson, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 21, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £76,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Sheriff Court of Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Banff, of the mutual settlement,

executed May 3, 1866, of Mr. Alexander Edmond, advocate in Aberdeen, residing at Garthdee, in the parish of Peterculter, county of Aberdeen, who died on June 18, granted to Mrs. Alice Mackenzie or Edmond, the widow, and sole executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Sept. 18, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £39,000.

The will (dated June 30, 1888) of Mr. James Campbell, F.R.C.S.E., retired Staff-Surgeon, R.N., formerly of 7, Fairfield Road, Croydon, and late of Highclere, Oakleigh Park, Herts, who died on Aug. 9, was proved on Sept. 21 by William Adamson and John William Campbell, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £30,000. Subject to a provision for his sister, Katherine Campbell, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his three children.

The will (dated Aug. 24, 1877) of Mr. Frederick Canning, late of 30, The Grove, Boltons, West Brompton, and of the Anchor Brewery, Chelsea, brewer, who died on May 19, was proved on Sept. 11 by Bruce Goldie and William Burbridge Tanner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors, and leaves the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his daughters, Ida Mary Canning and Mabel Chaplin Canning, in equal moieties.

The will (dated July 1, 1878), with two codicils (dated Jan. 12, 1882, and July 24, 1889), of Miss Eliza Berger, late of 6, Portland Place, Lower Clapton, who died on Aug. 24, was proved on Sept. 15 by Lewis Curwood Berger, the brother, George Burnand, and Lewis John Berger, the nephew, the

executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £15,000. The testatrix gives a few legacies, and leaves one fourth of the residue of her real and personal estate between the children of her brother Capel Berrow Berger, one fourth between the children of her brother Lewis Curwood Berger, one fourth between the children of her brother-in-law George Burnand, and one fourth to her nephew John Alexander Macmeikan.

The will (dated July 9, 1890) of the Rev. John Pellew Gaze, Rector of Brooke, Isle of Wight, who died on July 10, at 144, Queen's Road, Bayswater, was proved on Sept. 10 by Mrs. Elizabeth Louisa Gaze, the widow, and Worsley John Robert Gaze, the son, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths £50 and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, and on any vacancy occurring in the advowson of Brooke, such person is to be presented as she shall, during widowhood, nominate. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life, or for so long as she shall continue his widow, and on her death, without having been married again, for his children or grandchildren as she shall appoint; and, in default of any such appointment, or in the event of her marrying again, for all his children.

The will of Mr. Ferdinand Wilhelm Christian Praeger, the well-known musician, late of 23, Brackenbury Road, Hammer-smith, who died on Sept. 2, was proved on Sept. 14 by John Andrew Edwards, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1539.

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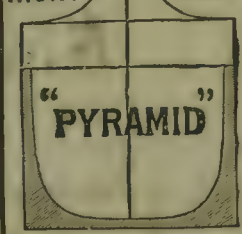
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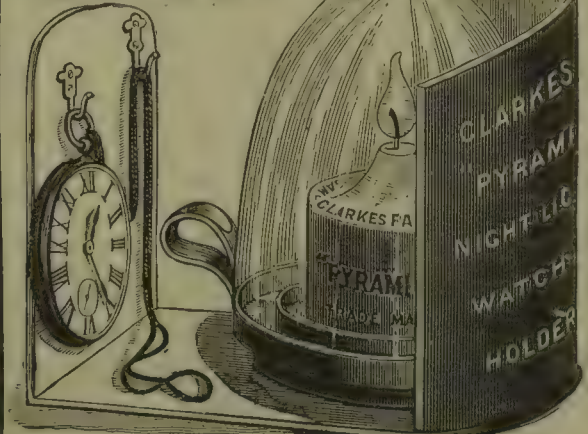
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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE

(No. 384) for OCTOBER 1891. CONTENTS: I. A FIRST FAMILY OF TASAJARA. By Bret Harte. — CHAPS. — VI. II. AMONG THE LONELY HILLS. By G. W. Hartley. — III. THE POETRY OF COMMON-SENSE. By J. A. Noble. — IV. IN THE YEAR OF THE TERROR. — V. A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN JAPAN. — VI. SCOTT'S HEROINES. — IV. VII. A STREET. By Arthur Morrison. — VIII. HIS PRIVATE HONOUR. By Rudyard Kipling. — IX. LEAVES FROM A NOTE-BOOK. — X. THE MASTER ART. By Ernest Myers.
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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE for OCTOBER 1891, price 6d. net, contains: I. HIS HONOUR JUDGE HUGHES, Q.C. Author of "Tom Brown's School-days." By O. Lacour. From a Picture by Lowes Dickinson. Front. II. RUGBY SCHOOL. — I, II. (To be continued.) Judge Hughes and J. Lee Warner. Illustrations by C. O. Murray. III. BROAD-GAUGE ENGINE. A. H. Malan. Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. IV. THE SHERIFF AND HIS PARTNER. Frank Harris. Illustrations by W. D. Ainslie. V. THE BIRDS OF LONDON. Benjamin Kidd. Illustrations by J. Wychiffe Taylor and George E. Lodge. VI. BOSTON: THE CAPITAL OF THE FENS. John E. Locking. Illustrations by W. Harold Oakley. VII. A STRANGE ELOPEMENT. W. Clark Russell. Illustrations by W. H. Dorrand.
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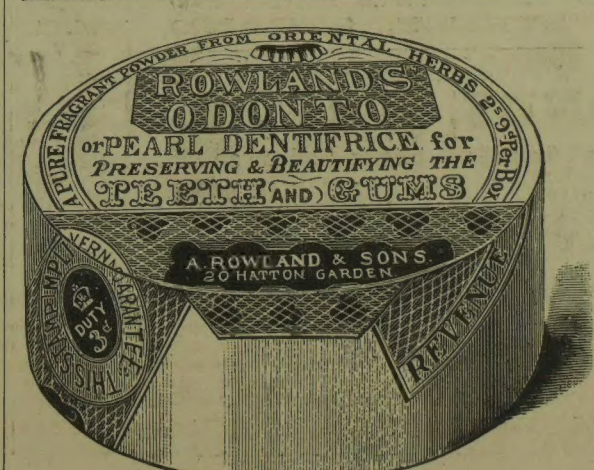
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are simple and easy, and yet interesting. We have also received from Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. the scores of "De Profundis," by Dr. C. H. H. Parry; "Praise to the Holiest," by Dr. H. J. Edwards, and "A Song of Judgment," by Dr. C. H. Lloyd, which works were produced at the recent Hereford Festival; and the score of the "Battle of the Baltic," by C. V. Stanford, which was performed on the same occasion, having been previously brought out at the Richter Concerts in London.

The "Grosvenor College Albums," published by Wickins and Co., are useful and instructive additions to the store of cheap musical literature. No. 5 contains fourteen songs of Ireland. No. 11 has nineteen famous baritone and bass songs. No. 18 is wonderful value for the money, containing such good pieces as Chopin's 22nd and 23rd Preludes, Polonaise Op. 26, No. 1, and valse in D flat, besides compositions by Schubert, Bach, and others. No. 19 contains songs for baritone, bass, and contralto, this being the Christmas number for the present year. No. 20 has again a selection of Irish songs, which are edited and arranged carefully by Christabel. No. 21 contains songs of Scotland. No. 50 is Part O of the school series, which is especially strongly bound to resist wear. This number is a sensible and well-written pianoforte tutor, by F. Wickins. The same firm also publishes a series entitled "Pianoforte Literature," which is good and useful. No. 40 of the series is in the form of a characteristic march, entitled "A Roman Holiday," by W. H. Jude. No. 378 is a pretty little children's dance, "Little Trots," by the same composer; and No. 379 a transcription of

W. M. Jude's song "Jack Ashore," by Florence Wickins.—The "Art Series" from this house is cheaper and perhaps a trifle better-class music. One is a taking "Minuetto," another an elegant "Impromptu," and another a dashing "Bolero," all three composed by Florence Wickins and dedicated to "Her Highness Lady Brooke (Ranee of Sarawak)."—"The Landlord's Daughter," a fairly good bass song, by W. H. Jude; and "Grannie's Story," by the same composer, words by G. Hubi Newcombe, a somewhat ordinary song. From this firm we also have "Golden Sunshine," words by Christabel, music by Theo. Bonheur. Not high-class, but taking.

J. and J. Hopkinson publish a song entitled "In thy dear eyes" (words by Edmund Lee, music by Adrian Cirillo) which is certainly attractive and melodious, and would be improved by the addition of French words, the music being French in character. Another song revealing decided merit is "The Golden Gate," by Oliver King (poem by Adelaide Procter). There is a good deal of variety in this composition, and the organ obbligato adds to its attraction. In three keys.—"Three Songs," by H. F. Birch Reynardson, are well written, but uninteresting; words by W. E. Henley.—"The Spinning Wheel," by George A. Lovell, is not taking, but is not without musicianly feeling; words by George Barlow.—"A vanished face," a pretty setting of Clifton Bingham's charming words.—"O Swallow, swallow!" a good song with a rather monotonous accompaniment; Tennyson's words, set to music by Arthur Somervell.

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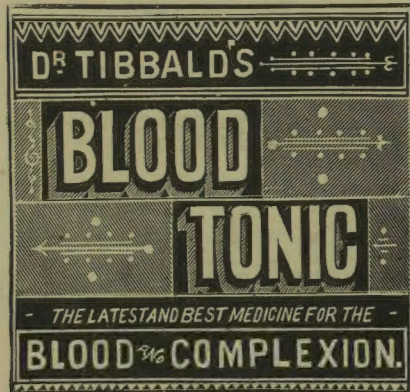
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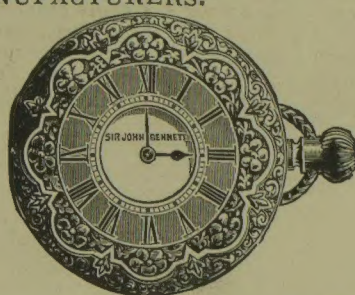
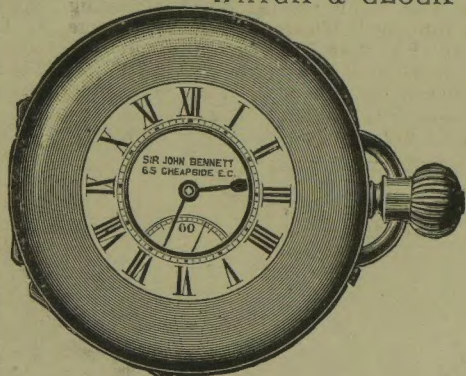
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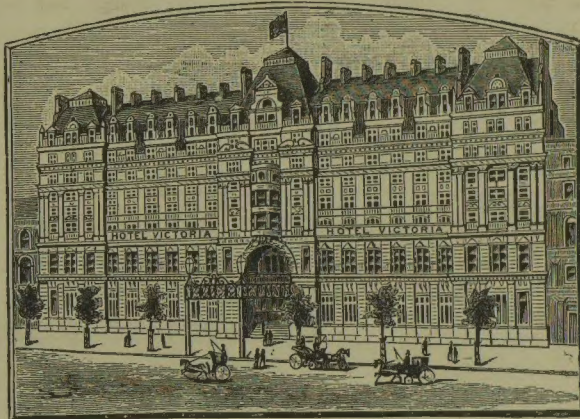
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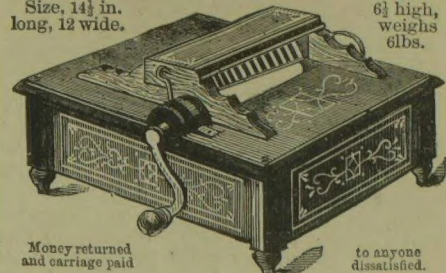
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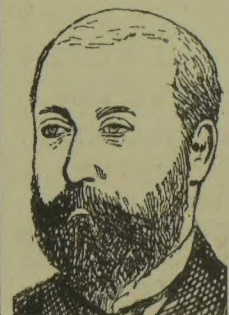
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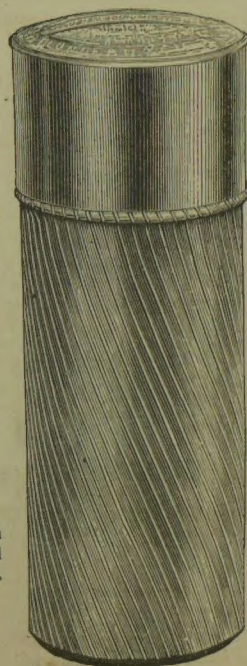
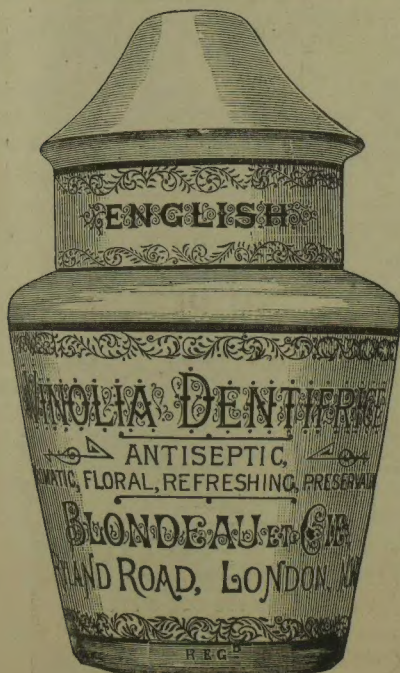
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